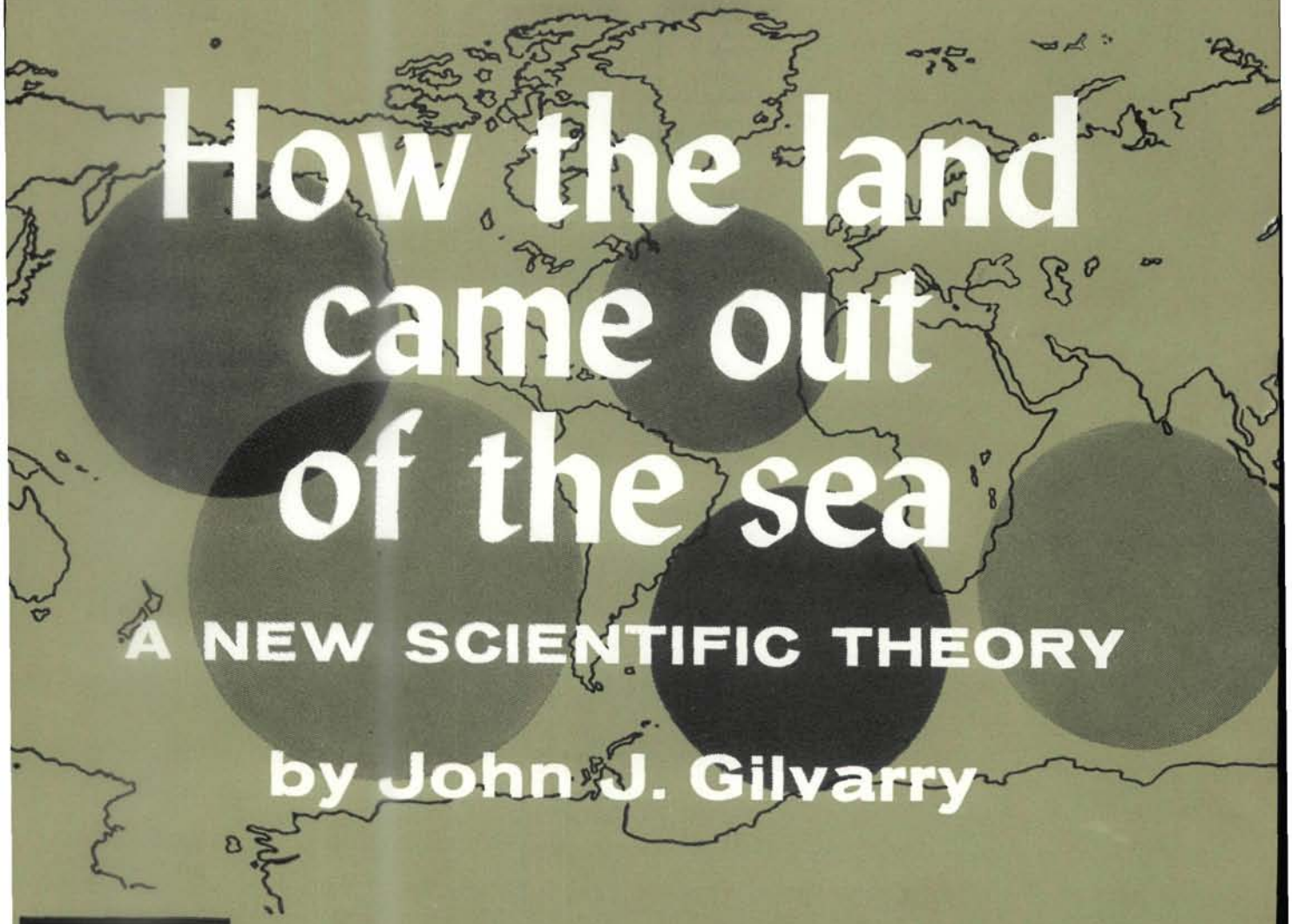
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 4, 1961 / 25¢



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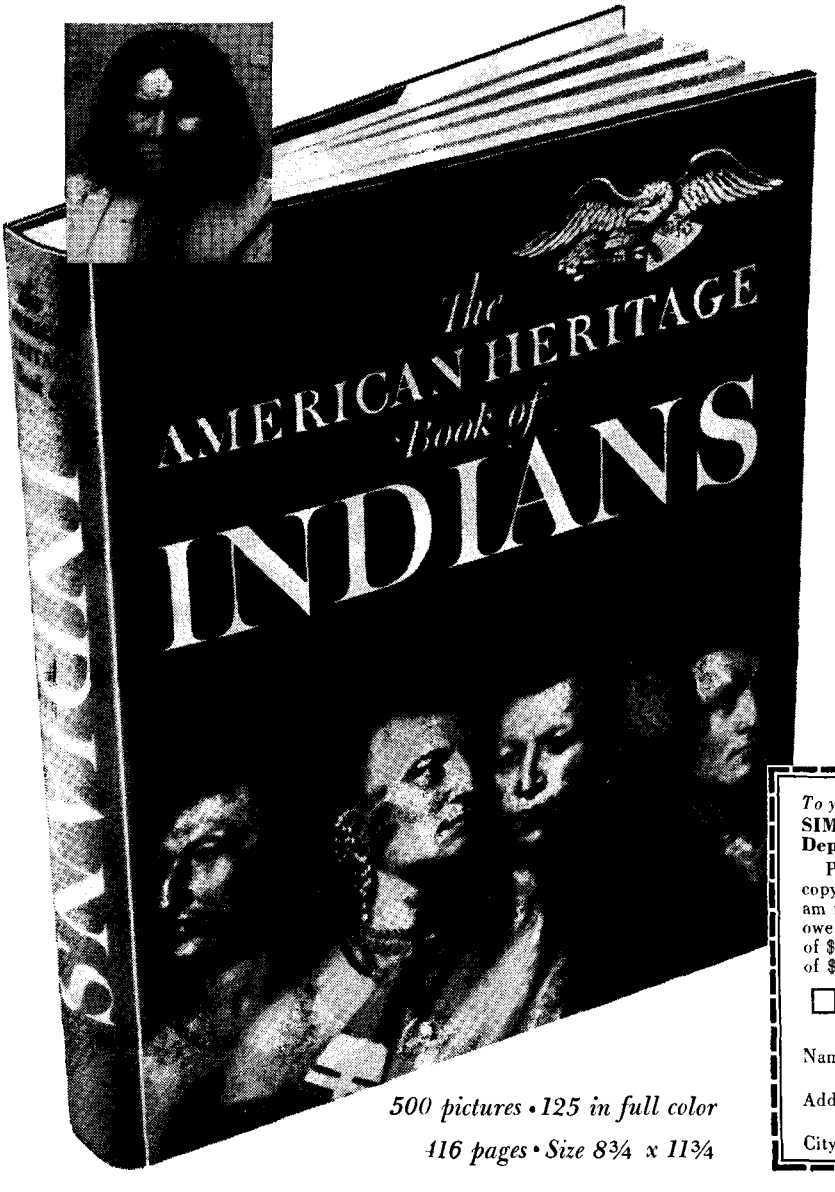

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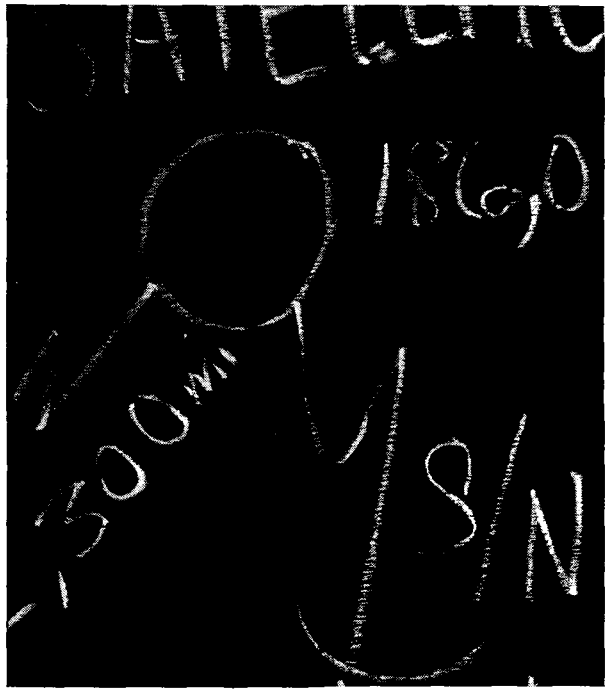

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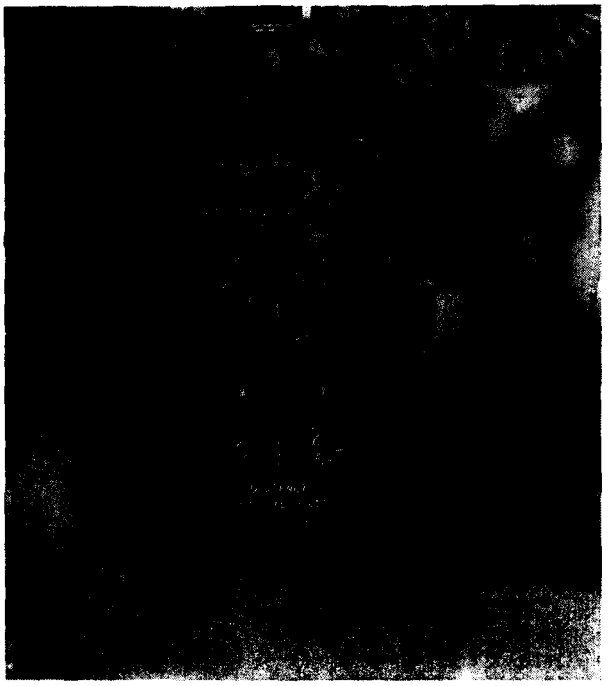

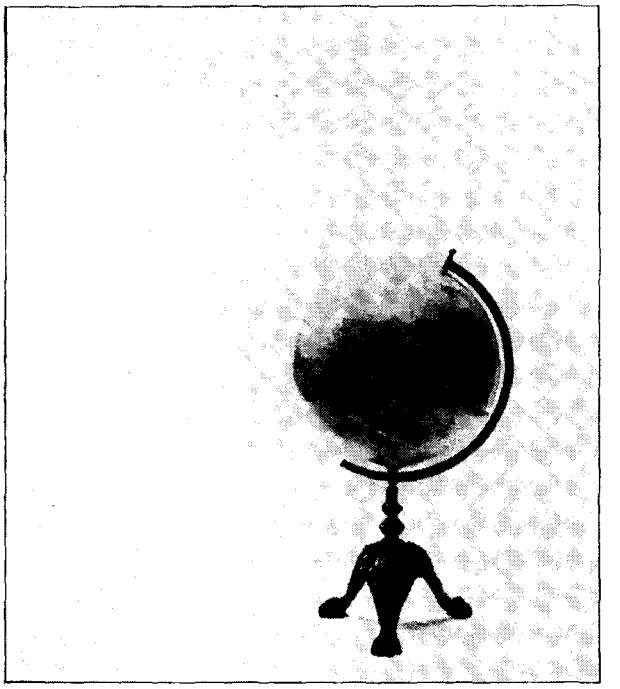

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Technically, he says, we are in the atomic age, but emotionally we are in the stone age. I agree. I may one day build a shelter but it will be stocked with or made out of copies of *May Man Prevail?*

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"May Man Prevail?: An Inquiry into the Facts and Fictions of Foreign Policy" ($4.50) by Erich Fromm is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies of the book may be obtained from your local bookseller, including any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford 7, Connecticut.

Saturday Review

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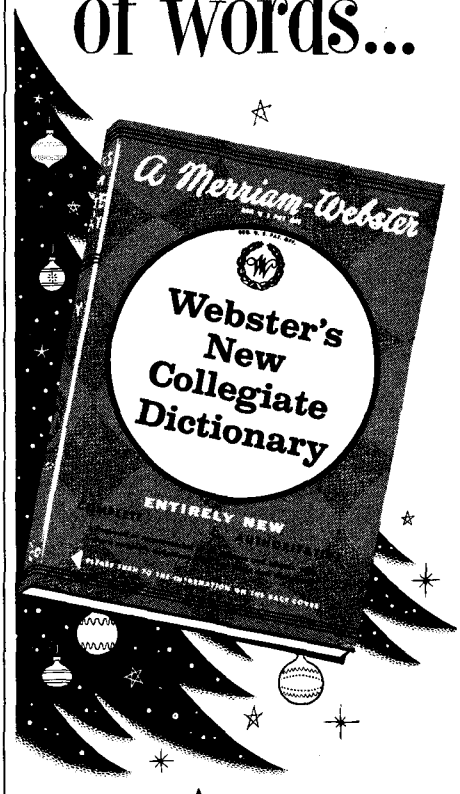

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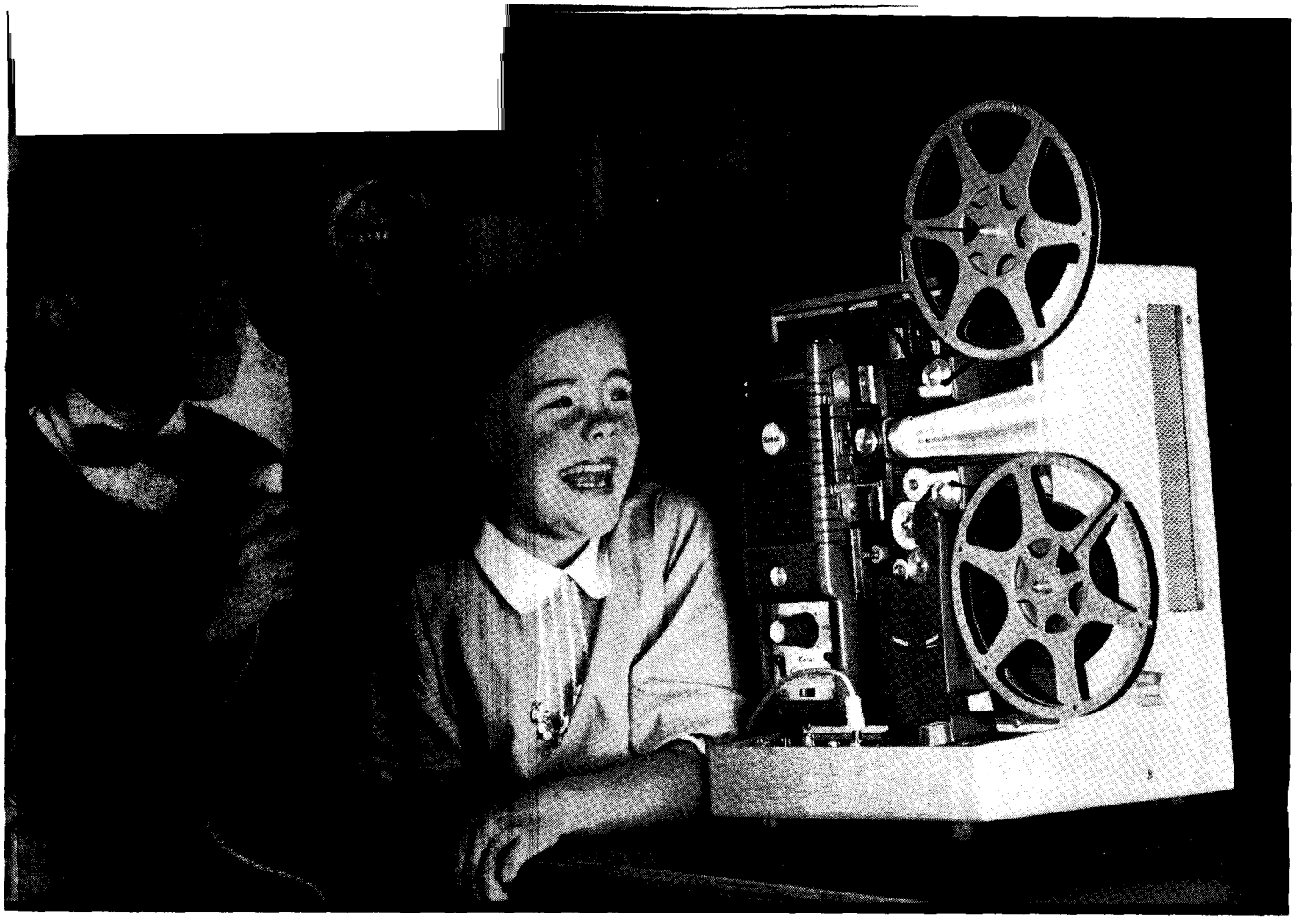

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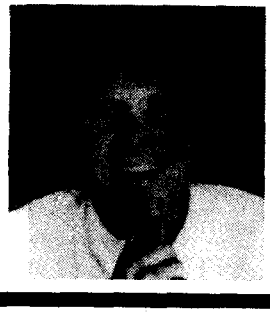

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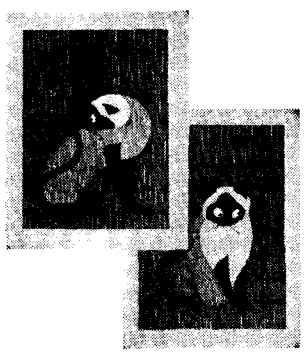

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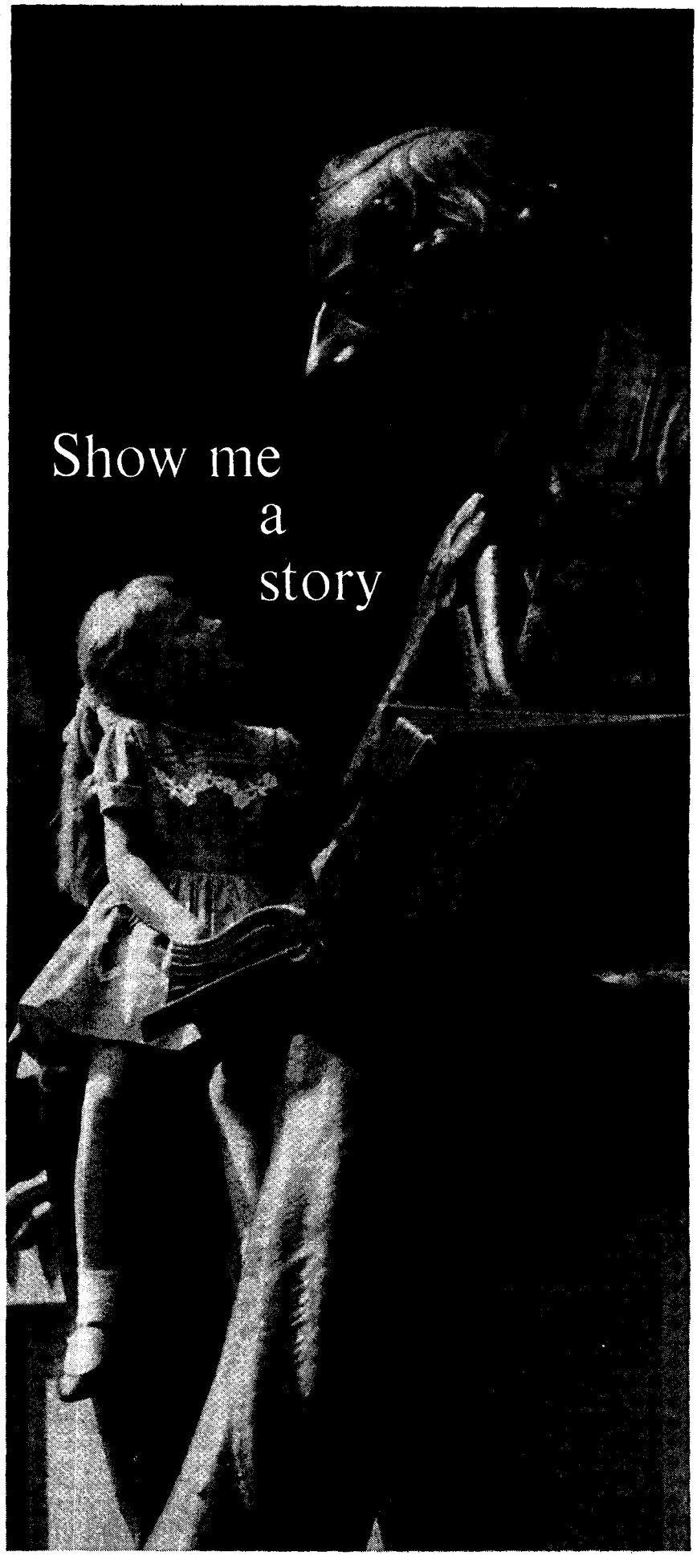

Storytelling—the delight of the young since earliest time—holds a new magic for the new generation. Through the looking glass of television, children enter a world of make-believe with Pip the Piper, Captain Kangaroo, Kukla and Ollie, Lamb Chop and Charlie Horse, among other creatures of fancy; and then face the real world of such programs as "American Newsstand," "1, 2, 3-Go!" "Watch Mr. Wizard," "On Your Mark," "The Twentieth Century," and "Expedition!" They first glimpse—then join grownups in watching—family entertainment, news, and documentary programs.

A lively exposure to ideas—once limited to formal teaching or the conversation of educated parents—can now be part of the home environment of children of every background. Teachers say that, compared to pre-television youngsters, today's children entering school are better informed, have larger vocabularies. And librarians say that today's pupils borrow more books.

The right balance of entertainment and information varies for each age and for each individual. Television, the versatile storyteller, continues to develop its repertoire—in children's shows, news, adventure . . . science, history, politics . . . music, drama, sports. Parents and teachers, the most important storytellers, can help youngsters choose programs and form a pattern of viewing most enjoyable and rewarding for the individual child.

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

THE BIG news of the month was the family fallout shelter and the falling out, on the subject, of just about everybody from President Kennedy on down—all the way down to those two men who actually got into their shelter, and then darn near suffocated. Somehow it reminded us of our favorite home-front story of the last war—of the lady who hoarded all those cans during rationing and then had a flood in her basement that made all the labels come off. When the can company heard she had broken their rules about hoarding, they refused to give her the cans' code numbers—and to this day, as we understand it, every time she wants a can of cut-up fruit, for example, she has better than a one hundred-to-one chance of getting anything from corn beef hash to chili con carne.

• • •

It all started, the way we figure it, with *Life* magazine and its fallout shelter issue—one which came complete with a letter from President Kennedy urging us "to read and seriously consider the contents of the magazine." To begin with, this worried us—in fact, we were bothered by the very idea of the President writing us a letter through the pages of *Life* magazine. Why didn't he just call us up—at dinner time, say—the way the rest of the *Life* salesmen do? Also, while we admit that life in the shelter looked very chic, there are a couple of pictures that gave us pause. Like, for example, that one of the father smoking down there. It would seem to us that an all-out hydrogen holocaust would be a good time, maybe not to give up smoking completely, but at least to cut down a little. Also, there was that teen-age daughter lying on the bed, drinking a coke, and telephoning. Telephoning whom, for goodness sakes? It would be just like that girl, too, to be busy on the phone when the President finally did realize his mistake and tried to telephone us.

• • •

In the last week of the month, a shelter went on display at, of all places, New York's Grand Central Terminal—and all the time we'd been thinking that Grand Central *was* a shelter. Anyway, the shelter was designed, we were told, by both an interior decorator and a Washington psychiatrist. It was called Shelters for Living, too. It cost only $695 and it was, as their ad stated, "a place of repose and buoyant relaxation." We were sorely tempted, we admit, but it was too early for our Christmas shopping—and anyway we refused to make a move until we heard directly from the President through the pages of *SR*. Meanwhile, we perused a pamphlet put out by Leo Hoegh, director of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, and entitled, you guessed it, "The Family Fallout Shelter." "There is about the same amount of shielding in 8 inches of concrete as in 16 inches of books," Mr. Hoegh told us. Somehow this consideration wasn't what we had in mind when we began building up our library, but we will surely bear it in mind from here on in. Paperbacks, from now on, are out. We want good, solid hard (perhaps concrete) covers—and though Mr. Hoegh doesn't mention any particular titles, we feel it would not be inappropriate to mention—after all, everybody *else* seems to be making money out of this thing—that you could hardly go wrong with 16 inches of "Who Killed Society?" "To break the monotony," Mr. Hoegh says, "it may be necessary to invent tasks to keep the family busy. Records, such as diaries, can be kept." And, we suppose, hymns can be sung, and without wanting to get into that controversy over which religion it was that advised killing people trying to get in with you, we suggest, for a starter, that grand old Episcopal hymn:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.

• • •

All in all, if there has been a better example of the fallacy of "local handling" of such a national issue as civil defense, we have yet to find it. Might it not be possible, for example, with all the tests of bombs, to make just one test somewhere, sometime, of one bomb *shelter*? In any case, on Irv Kupcinet's program in Chicago, we had a chance to debate Senator Barry Goldwater on his favorite subject of leaving everything to the individual states. After he had told us about Arizona, we told him sternly that we came from a state which was even better than Arizona—Massachusetts is, of course, the best state in the Union—and that we realized that while in the old days Massachu-

Some Television Programs of Special Interest . . . In November

"Little Lost Sheep"
Hans Conried and Arlene Francis in an original comedy.
Wednesday, November 1 (10-11 PM)

"Al Smith"
Biographical study of The Happy Warrior.
Sunday, November 5 (6-6:30 PM)

"Danny Kaye Show"
Monday, November 6 (9-10 PM)

"Moment of Decision"
Fred Astaire and Maureen O'Sullivan in a drama of suspense.
Tuesday, November 7 (10-11 PM)

"The Charity Bandit"
Documentary drama on fraudulent charities.
Wednesday, November 8 (10-11 PM)

"Anima e Corpo"
Cavalieri's oratorio. St. Cecelia choir and orchestra from Rome's Chiesa Nuova.
Sunday, November 12 (10-10:30 AM)

"The Face of Spain"
Chet Huntley reports on life in Spain.
Tuesday, November 14 (10-11 PM)

"Close-Up!"
Two-part study of Berlin and East Germany.
Tuesday, November 14, 28. (10:30-11 PM)

"Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait"
Paintings, drawings, and *mises en scène* from Van Gogh's life.
Friday, November 17 (9:30-10:30 PM)

"Valley of Shangri-La"
Isolated mountain kingdom in Kashmir.
Monday, November 20 (7-7:30 PM)

"An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving"
Holiday moods of past times recalled in music, dance, and literature.
Tuesday, November 21 (10-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades
Thursday, November 23 (10:30 AM-12)

"General Ulysses S. Grant"
A PROJECT 20 historical essay.
Friday, November 24 (8:30-9 PM)

"Crossing the Threshold"
Diary of a hypothetical flight in orbit.
Friday, November 24, (9-10:30 PM)

"Victoria Regina"
Julie Harris and James Donald star.
Thursday, November 30 (9:30-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.:	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM: Modern Algebra; American Government
	COLLEGE OF THE AIR: The New Biology
Mondays:	EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS
	FRANK MCGEE'S HERE & NOW
Saturdays:	UPDATE
	ACCENT
	ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE
	WASHINGTON CONVERSATION
	DIRECTIONS '62
	ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ ISSUES AND ANSWERS
	PATTERNS IN MUSIC
	WISDOM
	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
	THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
	MEET THE PRESS
	1, 2, 3—Go!
	WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

Note: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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setts infinitely preferred fighting Vermont or New York to fighting the British, it was gradually persuaded that a part of growing up was learning not to. In other words, we agreed to fight the British instead and then later on to fight for a Federal Union. We asked the Senator where he got his pious belief in States Quo to begin with. Why not, we asked him, reduce "local handling" still further—to counties, say, or towns, or even blocks? We live, for example, on 72nd Street, we told him, and we think the people on 73rd Street are pretty terrible—for one thing, we're on a two-way street, and they're just on a one-way. But that didn't mean, we told the Senator, that *once* in a while—on a major issue like the United Nations or just plain survival—we didn't want to *join* them.

• • •

Our favorite quote of the month, which appeared in the *Authors Guild Bulletin*, was from poet Robert Graves, on the subject of what the *Bulletin* aptly called the "unpoetic" New English Bible. "If I were asked to take an oath on this book," Graves said, "I should not feel obliged to tell the truth." On the other hand, our least favorite quote, which appeared in *Publishers' Weekly*, was from J. Evetts Haley, rancher, writer, and sometime teacher of Canyon, Texas, who is head of an organization known as "Texans for America," now engaged in censoring history books. "The stressing of both sides of a controversy," said Haley, "only confuses the young and encourages them to make snap judgments based on insufficient evidence. Until they are old enough to understand both sides of a question, they should be taught only the American side."

• • •

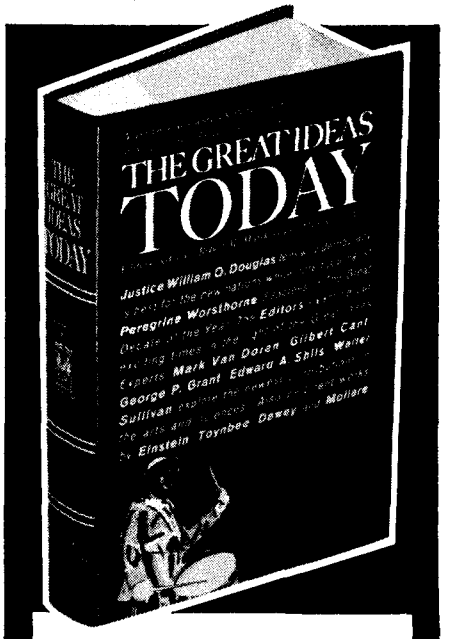
MEMOS: To N.C. and all other *SR Yankee*-lovers (both of them):

Memo No. 1: World Series 1961—Roger Maris's batting average, .105.

Memo No. 2: After the World Series of 1960 the Yankees tried to trade, even-Steven—in one of their patented "waiver" (i.e., scare away any other club) deals—Roger Maris for Dick Groat. The trade fell through—through no fault, N.C., of the faultless *Yankees*. It fell through because of the *Pirates*.

—C.A.

How can the Great Ideas of all time help us now?



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TRADE Winds

OUR LATEST REPORT from Las Vegas comes from Charles L. Adams, who tells us that a local TV announcer introduced a feature film at 10 P.M. on October 4, 1961, as: "The Pride and the Prejudice."

SEVERAL BLASTS have come our way by our reporting that the word 'skinker" was derived from the German *schinken*, meaning to draw or pour out, as drink. Main contention is that the derivation should have been *schenken*.

In this case, we have to pass the buck to Merriam-Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, which lists both.

At the moment, incidentally, Dr. Philip B. Gove, editor-in-chief of Webster's Third New International Dictionary, Unabridged, is locked in battle with the New York *Times* over a biting criticism of the new dictionary that ran on the *Times* editorial page recently. The paper lashed out at Dr. Gove's listing of such words as double-dome (egghead), confab (to talk informally), and yak (to talk excessively), without labeling them as slang words. A follow-up article in the *Times* reported that the dictionary editor had refused to dignify the paper with a reply.

When we chatted with Dr. Gove a few days ago, we discovered that he had changed his mind about not replying.

"I shall probably write them soon," he said, "and it won't be an angry letter. It will simply register my disappointment and disillusionment with the fact that such a highly regarded paper

has gone off on a tangent. Our language is changing all the time. We must recognize new words as they come into general usage, and I don't believe in labeling them 'slang' if they are used by enough writers as standard words. New words enrich the language. Only reactionaries deplore the acceptance of new words."

We asked him if he was a New Englander, and he told us that he was.

"I hasten to add," he went on, "that our staff comes from many different parts of the country. And I'd like to emphasize that we have been working on the new edition with concentrated preoccupation for ten years—as a matter of fact for a total of 757 'editor-years'—which would take us back just before the Magna Charta!"

THERE'S OTHER ACTIVITY up in New England these days, unofficially involving M.I.T. A group of experts there are finding out just how much bounce to the ounce the present-day baseballs have in the American, National, and American Association leagues. Contrary to some reports, the balls are *not* being tested against the balls of previous years to settle the Maris-Mantle "lively" ball issue.

Concurrently, the M.I.T. campus will be the site of a recently neglected force, which is at least equal to Mantle-Maris hitting power: magnetism.

"I'm not a magnet man myself," our M.I.T. spy told us, "but the International Conference on Magnetic Fields, which is being held up here in November, is going to get down to business about magnetic power to see just how it affects molecular and atomic structure—to say nothing about its possibilities as an exotic super-fuel."

THE DAYS WHEN booksellers used to wait for publication date to release a book to the public seem to be gone forever. You're simply not *in* if you haven't read a book several weeks before it's out.

Latest accomplishments in this area are Carson McCullers's new novel, "Clock Without Hands," which landed on the best seller lists one full month before "publication," and MacKinlay Kantor's "Spirit Lake," which was

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THE EDITOR of *SR* has asked for space in this department to say something about a friend:

"We know extraordinarily capable book publishers who parade their arrogance and insolence, who are bullies in their dealings with people who can't fight back, and who insist on having the last tag on every exchange. One makes excuses for them because of their unquestionably fine records as publishers of good books over the years. No one has ever had to make an excuse for Harold Guinzburg, founder and head of Viking Press. He was the summing up of good taste—in the books he published, in his approach to life, in his dealings with people. His whole art as a person and publisher lay in his skill in human relationships and in his generosity of spirit. His first article of faith as a publisher was to take books seriously. He didn't believe in making them subordinate to sideshows, by-products, special angling, or subsidiary rights. He took people and ideas seriously, too. Not once in the quarter-century that we knew him did we hear of anyone who dealt with him coming away feeling short-changed or diminished in any way. Instead, they came away with a profound sense of having met someone who had a deep respect for human aspirations and who knew how to make the totality of himself completely accessible to those whose ideas or needs were genuine. He was no less responsive to the great issues of his time. He identified himself with the fight for individual freedom and for a world rule of law. During the Second World War he played a key role in the government's book and magazine program for foreign distribution. He was chosen on numberless occasions as spokesman for the book industry.

"Last week Harold Guinzburg died. He was sixty-one. There was grace and purpose and nobility in his life. There is a sense in us of vital memories and a large debt." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1440)

JOHN CROSBY

ON YON BONNIE BANKS

(*Herald Tribune*, Aug. 14, 1961)

It would be hard to find Edinburgh's equal. Its lovely crescents with their curved streets and curved buildings, debouching into each other just like problems in geometry, are among the most graceful city streets I have ever seen.

Offhand

IF YOU WANT peace, prepare for war, they say. This leaves those who want war without a thing to do. The peaceful citizen will be called a warmonger. Sleeping will be punished as a form of aggression.

HOW CAN YOU tell a Communist? By thinking: would this man, in a Communist country, be a policeman, a commissar, a spy? It is only the method, not the person, that counts.

A FREE MAN is not only one who treats others as free men, but one who could *never* be employed by a tyrant. Or perhaps only once, for target practice on the rifle range.

THE VERY EXISTENCE of free men is the only resistance of freedom.

THE BEST FORM of civilian defense is to make oneself worth defending.

CULTURE (civilization, whatever one may call it) is a force, not an act of violence. It makes others feel better, sends them to school, not to a hospital. And it lasts longer than a bump or a scar. Culture makes life worth living, therefore also defending.

CULTURE IS the result of education, and education the wilful acquisition of vulnerability. The hands of a violinist are more vulnerable than those of a truck driver. The ears of a mathematician or a philosopher more gun-shy than the ears of a pilot. The man of culture is the male sissy, while the uncultivated man who needs noise and vulgarity all the time, lest he feel his own void, the female of that species. Vulgarity and virility are not synonymous.

I AM AGAINST angry young men, was one myself, know how much ignorance, laziness, vanity, make up that mold. But I don't think we have the right to speak one word against angry young men unless we find the angry old men of our time. True: the new generation has deceived us, it deserves no respect, no help, and no survival. The new generation of grandfathers, I mean, who refuse to grow old.

—NICCOLO TUCCI.

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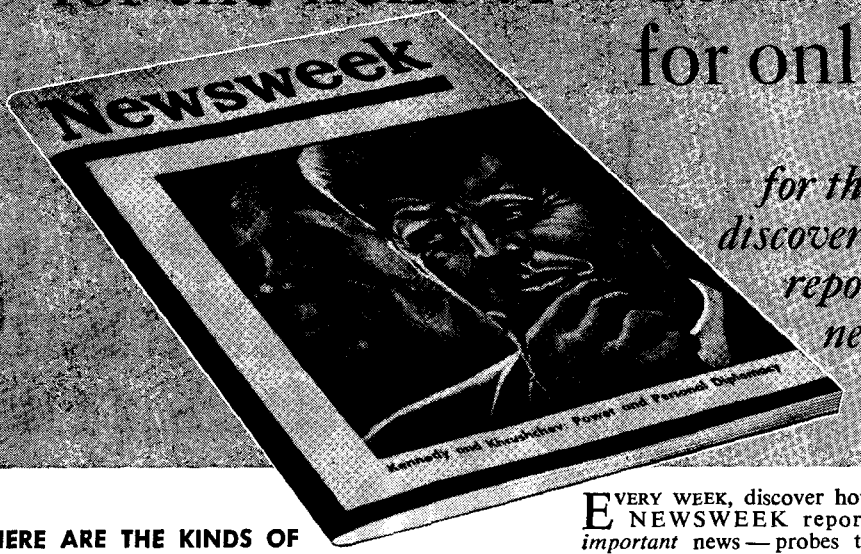

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Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 4, 1961

The UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

A REALISTIC HOPE FOR THE SIXTIES

By Roscoe Drummond

WHILE the shape of things to come is not yet fully in focus, the West is at the point of bringing to fruition a vast and galvanic enterprise capable of changing the whole face of the Cold War.

The secret of its power is that it is not concerned with weakening Communist power per se. Its value rests on the premise that what will really win the Cold War is not what primarily we do *against* the Soviet Union but what we do *in behalf of* ourselves.

I am not talking about a new military alliance designed to win a war. I am talking about a new economic and political alliance capable of winning the peace.

This is not a dream. This is near reality.

I venture to state that within the remaining nine years of this decade we will witness a coherent, full-functioning United States of Europe.

It will be producing an annual gross national product equal to and probably greater than that of the U.S. itself.

There will be such a rise in the standard of living for its 250,000,000 people that Communism will be stopped in its tracks from Manchester to East Berlin.

The nations of Western Europe will be able to join with the United States in a comparable contribution of economic aid to the underdeveloped countries in Africa and Asia.

The new Europe along with the United States will so clearly demonstrate the vigor of its competitive enterprise, free-market, pro-consumer economy that Communism will look to more and more people like the wave of the past.

By virtue of its political strength and its economic dynamism, the United States of Europe can reshape the dangerous and unhealthy polarization of the world wherein all the power of decision—for good or ill—comes only from Moscow and Washington.

This should be welcome to the United States. It will be welcome to Western Europe, which will then be neither a "hostage" of the Kremlin, as Khrushchev has boasted, nor an unequal partner of the United States. In the prophetic words of the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Western Europe will again belong to the Western Europeans, who will be standing so firmly on their own feet that they can help others to do the same.

Now, is this euphoria? Is this wishful thinking? Is this just a hope that things might work out this way?

I think not. There is solid evidence to support this judgment. I suggest that the developments making this forecast valid are already well advanced and that the tide already has turned and is strongly flowing our way.

What has happened is that we have had our minds so fixed on the crises the Communists have created from Vietnam to Berlin that we have failed to see the pattern of positive events which, one by one, has been developing under our very eyes.

I refer to the following developments:

1) The European Common Market—embracing the six nations of France, West Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg in a single economic union and serving 170,000,000 European consumers—is proving to be an economic success beyond all expectations of its founders.

2) It has become such a signal and dynamic success that the British Government has made a revolutionary decision to join the Common Market. This alters Britain's ties with the Commonwealth, abandons its historic aloofness from the continent, and dilutes some of its own sovereignty. Norway, Denmark, and Ireland will almost certainly follow suit. This will create a European Economic Federation of ten nations whose goods, farm products, and workers will soon be able to move as freely across national frontiers as ours move across state borders in the U.S.

3) While the cynics have doubted and many have failed to see what has been happening, the dream of Western European unity, the dream of a flesh-and-blood United States of Europe, has literally become "the substance of

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things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The fact is that European federation is already well advanced and its full attainment is coming into sight.

These are the events that are capable of changing the whole face of the Cold War. The economic and political integration of Western Europe is, indeed, a vast and galvanic enterprise as a source of strength to the West. It is an example to the developing countries of what can be accomplished by competitive enterprise in a framework of political freedom.

Without British participation, the European Common Market was succeeding significantly—so significantly that the British Government concluded that it simply could not afford to remain outside. This decision marks a radical and painful reorientation of its Commonwealth ties and an end to its balance-of-power policy toward France and Germany as well as the beginning of an intimate political association with predominantly Catholic countries, an association England has always resisted.

With British participation, the European Common Market can collectively share the leadership of the Free World with the United States. This combination can constitute a political and economic power center which the Communists cannot match in this century—if ever.

It is not easy to weigh the relative force of the factors that have given such impetus to European integration during the past two years and produced the British decision to join the Common Market when they found that they could not lick it.

No one event gave the Common Market its momentous push. No single flash of prescient statesmanship carried the British to their courageous and long-view decision. But, whether consciously or not, several now discernible forces worked together to the same end.

There was Premier Khrushchev's menacing banging on the desk with his shoe at the United Nations. Plainly he meant to have his way—or else.

There was the Berlin crisis which began as early as 1958. During the succeeding months at the two long and fruitless Foreign Minister's Conferences, at Geneva it became clear that the Kremlin's real purpose was not merely to neutralize Berlin but to neutralize all of Germany and thrust Soviet influence to the Rhine with the consequent destruction of NATO.

There was the abortive summit conference in Paris in 1960 at which Mr. Khrushchev showed that he was perfectly willing to wreck a Big Four meeting when he realized that he was not going to get what he wanted.

There was, a year ago, the massive vote of the British Trade Unions in favor of British neutralism and unilateral disarmament—which would have consigned the United Kingdom to the rank of a fifth-rate power—at which point Hugh Gaitskell, almost deposed as leader of the Labour Party, decided to "fight and fight and fight."

Undoubtedly the events that gave the Common Market its most powerful early impetus occurred in 1956: (a) the Soviet Union ruthlessly crushed the Hungarian freedom fighters and the nations of Western Europe began to see that any one of them might be next; (b) the closing of the Suez Canal threatened to bring European industry to a standstill through the loss of Mid-East oil. Western Europe began to see that unless there was unity, it could never be master of its own fate.

Only the participants can say—and perhaps sometime they will—what most moved them to action. But it is evident that the free-trade goals of the European Common Market were carried forward in giant strides. The British Government came to realize that prosperous Britain could only be achieved in full partnership with the Continent.

BOTH the British and the men in the Kremlin know quite well that a momentous turn in events is in the making. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan put it in very muted phrases when he made the announcement in the House of Commons on July 31. On the eve of the necessary preliminary negotiations before Britain becomes a member of the Common Market, the Prime Minister did not wish to stir unnecessary controversy or premature hopes. But Desmond Donnelly, a leading intellectual in the Labour Party, did not hesitate to put the wider meaning in these words:

"The Prime Minister's statement is a clear indication that Britain's frontier is not at Dover but at the Brandenburg Gate."

Mr. Khrushchev knew it too. He immediately branded the British decision as "capitulation," a bowing to the greedy economic forces of the "City," thus hoping to divide British opinion and stir sufficient Parliamentary opposition to reject the Government's decision.

But today, after looking long and timidly at the fantastic success of the Common Market countries, only the extreme right and the extreme left of British political opinion are resisting the Macmillan lead. The right-wing British Tories, dreaming of Empire and standing for a "Little England," are actively opposed. The small band of British Communists and very-left Socialists, who can't abide the free-market vigor of the continent, are vociferously opposed. They are the minority who will seek to block it—but can't.

Mr. Khrushchev will continue to orchestrate his propaganda against the British decision, trying to set the British against each other and to set the continent against Britain. The Russian leader, unlike many Westerners, realizes that what a ten-nation European Common Market can do *in behalf of each other* will be a far greater deterrent to Soviet designs than anything they or others are likely to do *against* the Soviet Union.

This is why the burgeoning Common Market, bringing European political unification steadily nearer, is such a powerful weapon in the Cold War. It is a powerful weapon because this is no military alliance directed against the Soviet Union—and cannot be effectively countered—just as the Marshall Plan could not be effectively countered by the Soviets however much they tried. The European Common Market is in the process of winning new ground in the Cold War because it is not fighting the Cold War. Its Cold War assets are its by-products. This infuriates and alarms Mr. Khrushchev, who sees the Common Market making such tremendous headway while he is helpless to resist it.

Britain is joining the Common Market not to rescue it from failure, but to reap for herself—before it is too late—the benefits of its mounting success.

How successful has the Common Market become since it was brought into being by the six nations in 1958?

During these brief four years all of the member countries have achieved a rate of sustained economic growth never before experienced in the history of Europe. Workers and employers, industry and labor, consumers and producers are sharing in an economic recovery and in a prosperity more rapid and more sustained than anywhere else in the world.

The Gross National Product of the European Community rose 7 per cent in 1960 over 1959 in terms of constant prices and is rising at a 5 per cent rate this year. The President's Council of Economic Advisors estimated that the United States GNP rose 2.7 for the same period.

Industrial production within the Community went up 12 per cent in

ROSCOE DRUMMOND, the New York *Herald Tribune*'s widely syndicated Washington columnist, has just returned from Europe, where he made a firsthand study of the Berlin crisis and the economic and political conditions in Western Europe.

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1960 and has expanded 25 per cent in three years.

The year 1960 was a time of the most spectacular expansion in Western Europe's steel industry since the start of the European Coal-Steel Community in 1953. Production rose by 16 per cent during the year to 73,000,000 metric tons from 63,000,000 in 1959. Since the start of the coal-steel common market, output has thus expanded 74 per cent.

Because of this dynamic growth, the Common Market has been able to move far more rapidly than originally planned in scaling down tariffs and other trade barriers within the span of the whole six-nation area, with the result that industry could produce more efficiently with an expanded output and consumers could, in the main, buy more cheaply.

This speed-up of the Common Market timetable meant that by the end of 1960, the cut in tariffs on goods traded across the Community's internal frontiers amounted to 30 per cent, instead of the 20 per cent laid down by the treaty—and will probably reach 50 per cent by the end of this year.

By the end of 1961 all quota restrictions on trade in industrial goods between the six countries will have been abolished—eight years ahead of schedule.

The opening of the frontiers to competition has brought benefits far greater than the community's most ardent advocates believed attainable. Total imports within the community and from outside countries went up 22 per cent in 1960 over 1959 and total exports rose 18 per cent at the same time.

Most leaders of industry in Western Europe were at first either hostile or skeptical toward the Common Market enterprise. The employers, reluctant and timid, are today among its most genuine advocates. The cartel-minded Europeans have come almost full cycle in their attitude. They are finding that the rewards of producing for a competitive market of 170,000,000 consumers are far greater than they ever enjoyed in the prewar years.

Proof of this fact can be seen in the anticipation by industry and trade of the implementation of the treaty. Business has been "putting its money" on the Community by lending more and more to draw up both development programs and distribution networks on the scale of the Common Market in full operation. Industry and the professions as well are now organizing themselves on a six-country scale.

ONE aspect of the Common Market achievements of crucial concern to the British is that the monetary reserves of the member countries have been steadily going up while Britain's has been going down. These reserves rose $3 billion in 1960 over 1959 while Britain was going through one of its periodic gold and dollar reserve crises. The volume of the Common Market's fixed capital investment went up 11 per cent in 1960 over the previous year—and this, too, has been one of the acute British shortcomings.

British problems, which have not been solved for ten years, are these: There is continued economic overstrain, misuse of resources, overfull employment, and a generally sluggish economy which produces recurring balance-of-payments difficulties. The British Government has tried in the past to meet these difficulties by brakes on production and investment alike and by raising indirect taxes and interest rates. The brakes have been sufficient to remedy balance-of-payments difficulties periodically but only at the expense of economic growth. Once the cure has worked, its rigors are relaxed; it is then followed by a new boom with its inflationary effects and recurring balance-of-payments crises.

The central British problem is that, since the steady curtailment of income from foreign investment due to the cost and consequences of two world wars, they have not been selling enough abroad to buy from abroad what is needed to maintain its standard of living and monetary reserves.

Britain must sell in order to buy; it must buy raw materials and foodstuffs in order to produce; it must produce more efficiently and sell more widely if it is to survive as a great power. For the past five years, uncertain whether to embark on the radical cure, Britons have seen their own share of the world's exports drop 4 per cent while the Common Market countries' exports climbed 20 per cent.

This is why the British Government has now taken the painful but epochal decision to become a full-fledged partner in the European Common Market. By contributing to the Market, the British are convinced they will gain from the creation of an expanding, competitive market of some 250,000,000 prospering Europeans.

The end result in the remaining nine years of the 1960s is going to be an economic federation of the United States of Europe with developing political institutions broad enough to produce ultimately, perhaps, a full-scale United States of Europe.

It was this resplendent goal to which Winston Churchill, with vision and eloquence, addressed himself in his famous speech at Zurich in September, 1946, when so few could see beyond the wreckage and impoverishment of the war. This great practical visionary lives today to see his foresight within reach. Fifteen years ago he said:

> This noble continent . . . is the home of all the great parent races of the Western world. . . . And what is the plight to which Europe has been reduced? . . . Over wide areas a vast quivering mass of tormented, hungry, care-worn, and bewildered human beings gape at the ruins of their cities and homes, and scan the dark horizons for the approach of some new peril. . . . Among the victors

(*Continued on page* 61)

"As near as I can decipher this piece of ancient scroll, Doctor, it's a recipe for potato pancakes."

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These Are Their Lives

By Granville Hicks

A FEW weeks ago J. D. Salinger's face appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine—an honor, if it is an honor, that not many writers have enjoyed. He deserved the distinction, for his talents are remarkable and he has a large following, especially among the young. Yet I doubt that he would have become the subject of a cover story if his resolute avoidance of publicity had not made him in a special sense a public figure. That so little was known about his life was a challenge to *Time*'s staff, and the researchers went to town. They dug into whatever documents exist, persuaded a few acquaintances to talk at least a little, and got a look at his home. By what one supposes to be their standards, they did a bang-up job.

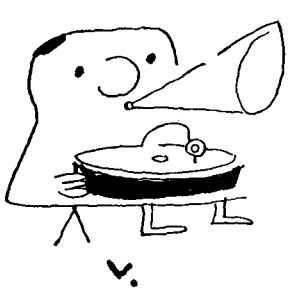
The irony, of course, is that Salinger, by avoiding publicity with unparalleled zeal, got the sort of publicity for which many writers would give all the teeth they own. Some writers have a passion to live in the public eye. Take Norman Mailer, for instance. I don't suppose he stabbed his wife for the sake of getting into the headlines, but he made the most of the opportunity, as he has made the most of other opportunities. He was not joking when he called his collection of stories and essays "Advertisements for Myself."

And yet Mailer and Salinger are more alike than is at first apparent. Mailer, I suspect, is just as contemptuous of the whole publicity racket as Salinger is. He shows his contempt, however, not by running away from the racket but by brazenly trying to go the racketeers one better. He noisily proclaims that he is advertising himself, and he does it shamelessly, with his thumb at his nose. He gets publicity all right, but so, it turns out, does Salinger.

Publicity is not a modern invention. If one lives in a small town, as I do, one knows how much can be done by word of mouth. Certainly since the emergence of the newspaper we have had artful publicity-seekers—showmen, politicians, even respected men of letters. But publicity has taken on new dimensions and really a new character with the development of the mass media. Press associations and syndicated columns made it possible for an individual to become overnight the subject of national interest. Then the movies revolutionized the show business, so that a star could be idolized in every hamlet. Radio created new figures of glamour, and introduced them into the home. Television caught the eye as well as the ear, and for millions the television personality serves as friend and model and mentor. The television star who really catches on probably influences more people than any statesman, educator, or author.

Not many persons attain such eminence, but more modest kinds of publicity prove useful in politics, business, and various other walks of life, and a whole new industry has grown up to exploit this fact. Public relations experts, for a price, will create a synthetic personality for you and show you how to sell it. They play a major role not only in the marketing of goods but also in the election of Presidents. They are everywhere on the national scene. When a young baseball player worries about which side of his face he shows to the camera, we can see how well the public relations boys have done their job.

One result of this development has been to diminish respect for privacy. The millions served by the mass media cannot understand why anyone shouldn't welcome the kind of publicity in which their idols have their being. They think they have a right to know as much about the life of a writer as they know about a movie star or a candidate for Congress. They expect him to put his wife and children on display, reveal his preferences in breakfast food and underwear, and expose himself as often as he possibly can before the television camera. In a way this is no great problem, for there are not many writers in whom the larger public is interested, and most of these are happy to oblige. But every now and then we have a prominent writer who cherishes his privacy.



There is one fact in which a reticent writer can take comfort: nobody can force him into the publicity racket. Reporters may come snooping around, climbing his fences and pumping his neighbors, but neither they nor anyone else can compel him to appear on television or pose for the newsreels or eat at fashionable restaurants or hold press conferences. With the kind of publicity the mass media have brought into being he need have nothing to do.

Has an author a right to expect more than that? Several years ago William Faulkner published an agonized article protesting the invasion of his privacy. I was and I am deeply sympathetic, and yet I thought and I think that the article was a little silly. After all, the publication of a book is, as the word itself suggests, a public act, and a writer is a public figure. As a general rule, he isn't much of a public figure, but if he attains the literary eminence of a Faulkner, he is someone in whom a lot of people are quite reasonably interested. This doesn't mean that he has to live in the public eye, but it does mean that his privacy has limits.

THE problem of the public role of the writer was raised in a different form this summer. When Ernest Hemingway's widow seemed to be saying that she might destroy many of the manuscripts her husband had left, Glenway Wescott wrote a letter to the New York *Times*, arguing in effect that she had no moral right to do this, and of course I agree. These papers are not, in anything but a strictly legal sense, private property.

I have taken part in several discussions of the propriety of the *Time* article on Salinger, and I have defended the piece. In the first place, there is a good deal in it that interests me and seems to me pertinent to my study of Salinger's writings. In the second place, I am compelled to grant that, if Salinger were safely dead, Ph.D. candidates would be winning degrees on the strength of just such research as the *Time* staff did.

Salinger has said, "It is my rather subversive opinion that a writer's feelings of anonymity-obscurity are the second-most valuable property on loan to him during his working years." When I think of the publicity madness, I want to stand up and cheer. How disillusioned I would be if Salinger turned up on the Jack Paar show or endorsed a brand of whiskey! On the other hand, common sense tells me that up to a point the public interest in Salinger is quite legitimate, and that if he could bring himself to be moderately responsive to it, he might have more real privacy than he has now.

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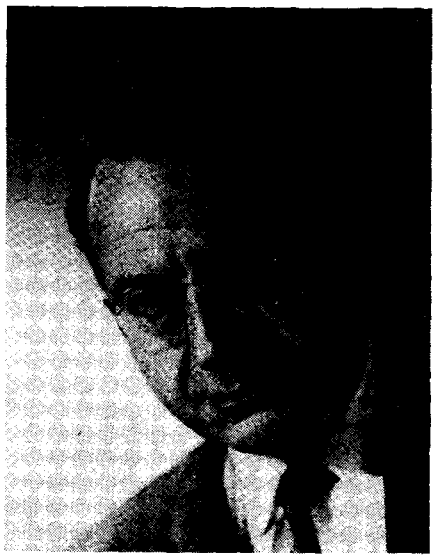
BOOK OF THE WEEK

Doomsday on a Small Planet

"May Man Prevail? An Inquiry Into the Facts and Fictions of Foreign Policy," by Erich Fromm *(Doubleday. Hardbound, 264 pp. $4.50. Paperback, 280 pp. 95¢), a psychologist's analysis of the cold war, sees paranoid thinking on the national scale as the greatest danger to human survival. Stuart Chase's latest book is "Live and Let Live."*

By Stuart Chase



—*Bender, N. Y.*

Erich Fromm—"hard and bitter realism."

"TECHNICALLY we are living in an atomic age, emotionally we are still living in the stone age." To document this melancholy observation, Erich Fromm draws contrast after contrast between what Americans—or Russians, or Chinese—think is happening, and what is really happening. He hopes that an emerging awareness of reality will save us from Doomsday, and he presents some sound suggestions to that end. But it will be a close thing.

If man is to prevail, man will have to do some rapid intellectual maturing, and some concentrated study of human relations. I know of no better text available than this book. If a host of readers could absorb its evidence, and responsible policy-makers act on it, our chance of escaping Doomsday would be markedly improved.

The author is well qualified for his task. He is a distinguished psychiatrist with wide experience and understanding of why we behave like human beings. Brought up in Germany, he is more conversant with the problems of Berlin and Central Europe than most American experts. He has been a close student of Marx and of Communist ideology, and is very much aware how far the Russian and Chinese political economies have each departed from Marxian canons. Finally, and most important, his frame of reference is one race, *homo sapiens*, trying to survive on one small and vulnerable planet. Fromm works on the primary assumption that the human race cannot tolerate a nuclear war. Most of the world's political leaders verbalize this idea, but their acts often belie it. Their basic rule of action continues to be pre-Hiroshima power politics. I believe that an awareness of the stark imperatives of the nuclear age is the key to international understanding. Do we order our concepts about Berlin, Laos, Cuba, in the glaring light of $E=MC^2$, or in the gloom of military and diplomatic principles that disappeared forever in a mushroom cloud sixteen years ago?

Fromm turns his searchlight on practically all the critical areas in the world today. Here I have space to comment on only a few of the more important.

Russia under Khrushchev, says Fromm, is essentially a conservative, state-controlled, managerial society, not a revolutionary system. Its industrial problems are akin to those arising in the Ruhr, Pittsburgh, and other high-energy regions. Mr. K. "neither needs nor wants war," and seeks an understanding with the United States for ending the cold war and for disarmament. But Mr. K. cannot give up chanting Communist ideology, nor can he turn against China without endangering his own position.

The United States has two choices: we can fight "Communism" as an exercise in demonology, and speed up the arms race until it ends, as it must, in all-out nuclear war. Or we can come to an eventual understanding with Russia for disarmament, for world law, and for joint economic aid to the Hungry World.

Psychological disarmament must accompany if not precede physical disarmament. Fromm has some significant observations to make in his professional field. He gives us a clinical account of "paranoid thinking," a mental ill that has infected both West and East. A paranoid individual imagines that everyone is conspiring against him, even his family. Often he feels they want to do away with him. A whole society can degenerate into this condition, as in the mass fear of witches and devils in the seventeenth century. Most of us now regard Russians as the burghers of Salem regarded the women they called witches—as beings capable of supernatural villainy.

We suffer also from what Fromm calls "projection," where the evil we fear in ourselves is projected into "the enemy." Then we feel cleansed of evil and full of virtue. If projection is added to paranoid thinking, as in the cold war, we have "a dangerously explosive psychological mixture," especially when Russian and Chinese leaders suffer from similar mental abnormalities. (I heard people in Russia last summer talk about "Wall Street" in precisely the way many Americans talk about "The Kremlin.")

Psychologist Fromm analyzes Herman Kahn, and leaves the latter's thesis in very bad repair. Kahn's assertion that the U.S. could recover, after losing a third or more of its population in a nuclear attack, completely neglects a probable mass psychosis worse than that which swept Europe during the Black Death. The bland acceptance of sixty million dead exemplifies, says Fromm, a growing indifference toward life, reminiscent of Hitler's program of genocide.

Fromm's discussion of the Berlin crisis is grounded on psychological principles. The West fears that unless Russia is stopped she will overrun Europe and presently the world. Without an armed Germany, we believe that Europe cannot be defended. Then we rationalize away the deeds of the Kaiser and of Hitler and assure ourselves that the Germans are now a democratic, peace-loving, trustworthy people.

The Russians, however, remembering twenty million dead at the hands of the panzer divisions, want no more Hitlers. (This dread I found everywhere I went in Russia.) They fear an armed Germany at least as much as we fear a Soviet march to the Atlantic.

Fromm emphasizes that Germany is now the strongest industrial power in Western Europe, and on the way to becoming the strongest military power. The same élite blocs—the big industrialists and the generals—that were

(*Continued on page 47*)

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BOOK IN THE NEWS

Season of Violence

By Nicholas Wahl, *author of "The Fifth Republic: France's New Political System."*

OVER THE past few years the autumn season has seen the struggle between France and the Algerian Moslem nationalists shift briefly from the barren hills of the Atlas range to the lush meeting rooms of the United Nations. The violence of terrorism and repression has given way temporarily, if only on the front pages, to the feints of diplomacy and propaganda. At the General Assembly the Algerian National Liberation Front (FLN) and its allies have regularly tried to spur international opinion in favor of a negotiated settlement leading to independence. Simultaneously France, whether led by ephemeral Premiers of the now defunct Fourth Republic or (since 1958) by General de Gaulle, attempted to undercut this campaign by offering verbal concessions or half-promises of further talks. With the end of the summer fighting season in Algeria the frustrations of months of impotent guerrilla warfare in the *djebels* and *douars* were replaced by the even greater frustrations of a few weeks of impotent political and diplomatic maneuvering. Until this fall the margin for decisive action on both sides in these maneuvers was as slim as it had been in the hit-and-run war in Algeria.

However, events have today brought the French and the Algerians closer to some sort of settlement than ever before. On the French side the reasons for negotiating a speedy cease-fire have suddenly exceeded in importance the disadvantages of bargaining with the rebels. The Berlin crisis and a deteriorating political situation at home have made peace in Algeria worth braving the French army's organized displeasure. It is hard to think of what important concession of principle is still left for de Gaulle to announce publicly. From the French point of view all that remains are the negotiations over the process by which Algeria will become independent. On the nationalist side, a recent change in leadership has brought to power a team able to go much farther toward a final settlement than was the moderate but unrepresentative Ferhat Abbas. Even more vital, the new leaders are men reported to be capable of imposing the terms of a settlement on the Moslem nationalists' own "ultras"—the rebel Army of National Liberation. To indicate the seriousness of their intention to push a new round of talks to a successful conclusion, the FLN has recently made known that it will postpone its annual U.N. campaign against the French.

But even if the secret negotiations that are probably now going on bring an end to the seven-year-old Algerian war, the Algerian "problem" and the larger challenge it embodies will, alas, remain with us in full force. Consequently the timeliness of a skilful analysis of the origins and course of the Algerian war by one of its best informed and most penetrating observers explains in large measure the immediate importance of Joseph Kraft's **"Struggle for Algeria"** (Doubleday, $4.50). But I think its greatest value is that alone among the many recent books on Algeria, Kraft's is the only one that really attempts and succeeds in placing the problem in its quite awesome historical and international context. For his book shows that if the struggle *for* Algeria between the French and the Moslem nationalists is indeed nearly ended, the struggle *over* Algeria, and all that its social revolutionary nationalism implies for the stability of international politics, has just begun.

The stimulating first and last chapters present these larger implications of the Algerian problem as well as a prudently thought-through set of guide lines for American policy. Between them Kraft offers in six vigorously written chapters a concise history of the struggle in all its phases. While the book makes no pretensions to being a scholarly study—though its lucid and elegant style could be a model for scholars—Kraft has also rejected the easy journalistic "out" of a thinly documented narrative. Instead he has attacked the Algerian story analytically, isolating each of the human and historical factors, and anchoring his comments in a solid bedrock of well-researched information.

The Algerian problem has been indeed a complex and passionate drama, and one very much in the tradition of French history, no matter what the Moslem nationalist might say. European settlers, the French army, de Gaulle, Moslem rebels, as well as crises of internal French politics, Algiers uprisings, and the recent rounds of direct negotiations, have all been "actors" in this drama. On each of them Kraft has written self-contained yet closely related critical profiles. But to introduce the drama, he first sets the scene by showing with fairness how the source of the problem, the grinding poverty of the land, lies less in a history of French injustice than in a tragic alliance of natural forces, such as the mounting birth rate in a backward economy. The simple coexistence of oriental poverty alongside European comforts was enough to create insoluble discontent, even when Moslem living standards did rise slowly. "They had their daily bread," Kraft writes of the Moslems, "but upon it was the bitter spice of invidious grief."

After introducing the actors and describing the plot, Kraft turns to the

—*Wide World*

Members of the Algerian rebel delegation to the first France-FLN talks.

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dénouement we are all about to witness. His forecast of a probable settlement includes a "transition to an independent Algeria within a year or so; a staged withdrawal of the French army, spread over five years or more; exploitation of the Sahara by French interests paying royalties to an Algerian state. . . ." It should be noted that all these provisions of a settlement share the principle of limited cooperation between France and Algeria, if only for the transitional period. It is, of course, a reasonable solution and the natural obstacle to its realization is the fanaticism created on both sides by long years of war. "The infinite capacity of the settlers and the [French] army for absurd adventure," as Kraft puts it, is readily recognized; but so too must be the burning hatred of many Moslem nationalists for any ties at all with France, and, indeed, the hope on the part of a few that France will destroy herself in the convulsions over making peace. I am not sure that Kraft has given enough weight to this potential for "absurd adventure" on the rebel side.

The conclusions begin with a shrewd comment on the Algerian struggle: "The lesson it teaches is the pain of living in the same world as the underdeveloped countries." One of the strongest twinges of this pain comes from our sudden realization that the new nations cannot escape those errors of judgment, born of hatred and unreason, that the developed countries committed long ago. Only today the dangers of a wild and self-willed adolescence are far greater than before. Joseph Kraft's pages on Algerian nationalism, like any fair analysis, offers evidence for both optimists and pessimists. He shows that the talent and experience of the rebel leadership, as well as a growing sense of responsibility for the important Algerian role in Africa's future, give hope for an independent Algeria that will be genuinely neutral and committed more to constructing a new society than to seeking revenge against France and her allies. But while he is optimistic on this score, he does mention the possibility of a shift in the power relations among the leaders that could bring to the fore the "ultras." Their rule over Algerian nationalism, like the rule of "ultras" in France, would create the conditions for a violent transition to independence and a sudden alienation from the West. Pondering some of the themes of this genuinely thought-provoking book, one is frightened to realize that the coming months, if not weeks, will reveal to us the direction taken by the newest form of the Algerian problem.

POETRY QUARTERLY

From Mind to Image to Meter

By John Malcolm Brinnin, *poet, critic, and professor of English at the University of Connecticut.*

THERE are, fortunately, many preserves in the estate of poetry, and the twelve new volumes confronting this reviewer can perhaps be sensibly assigned to four of them. John Masefield and John Hall Wheelock continue long careers within the broad current of Georgianism that seemed almost to have disappeared in the late 1920s but has never quite gone underground. Louis MacNeice, Raymond Roseliep, and George Abbe illustrate the uses of poetry as a means of making humane and civilized observations on people, places, and kinds of behavior. Robert Mezey, Albert Herzing, John M. Ridland, and David R. Slavitt the last three appearing between the same covers in Volume Eight of Scribners' "**Poets of Today,**" edited by John Hall Wheelock ($3.95), represent a skilful younger generation whose fastidious passions and technical excellence define a peculiarly American kind of contemporary poetry. Tram Combs, Mimi Goldberg, and Michael McClure reflect aspects of the so-called San Francisco "renaissance" and the largely benign influence of the theories and, in some instances, the practice of William Carlos Williams. These descriptions in no way imply judgment; and these allocations are an attempt, merely, to set an order without which discussion would be a succession of new starts and fragmented premises.

The most substantial and in a number of ways the most finally impressive volume of the lot is John Hall Wheelock's "**The Gardener**" (Scribners, $3).

Wheelock comes into his old age with exhilaration, a philosophical reach of perspective that has nothing to do with academies, and a craftsman's hand still firm enough to register exactly what he sees and feels. Acceptance—not to be confused with resignation—is his muted theme, acceptance that releases him

> In age, to make good at last those old arrears

and to ask:

> Shall not a man sing as the night comes on?

His late look at the world has the freshness of his earliest, to which have been added all the meanings of being intelligent and human. Yeats raged openly at the burden of his many years; Eliot carries his with a tired smile and a drooping wing. But Wheelock accepts his advanced age as a point of vantage from which he continually examines wonder and comes upon delight. He does not have the corrosive passion of the septuagenarian Yeats, nor the power of both Yeats and Eliot to isolate from the language a seam of expression that is in each case theirs alone. Wheelock's passion is less a passion for poetry as the art of difficult song than for poetry as a kind of metaphysical reportage. In his case, the report is a long account of joy, sophisticated, qualified—even, in some cases, alloyed with darker elements—and for these reasons thoroughly convincing. There is a radiance at the center of Wheelock's book, a warming light of awareness that humanizes even the ghastly realities of the modern world.

John Masefield's "**The Bluebells and Other Verse**" (Macmillan, $5), on the other hand, comes from a world one had thought was already amply and finally embalmed between plush covers. His old skill with meter, even reduced to its present tired competence, holds his lines and his stanzas together; and an old-fashioned narrative ingenuity keeps his long poems—even the preposterously plotted ones—basically "interesting." But reading his book is to rummage in a vast old attic of history where kings go galloping toward awful destinies, distraught maidens pass out and die, with great inconvenience to everyone, on their wedding mornings, black devils corner sinners and stuff them into roaring fires, etc. One reads him at a distance, and not without

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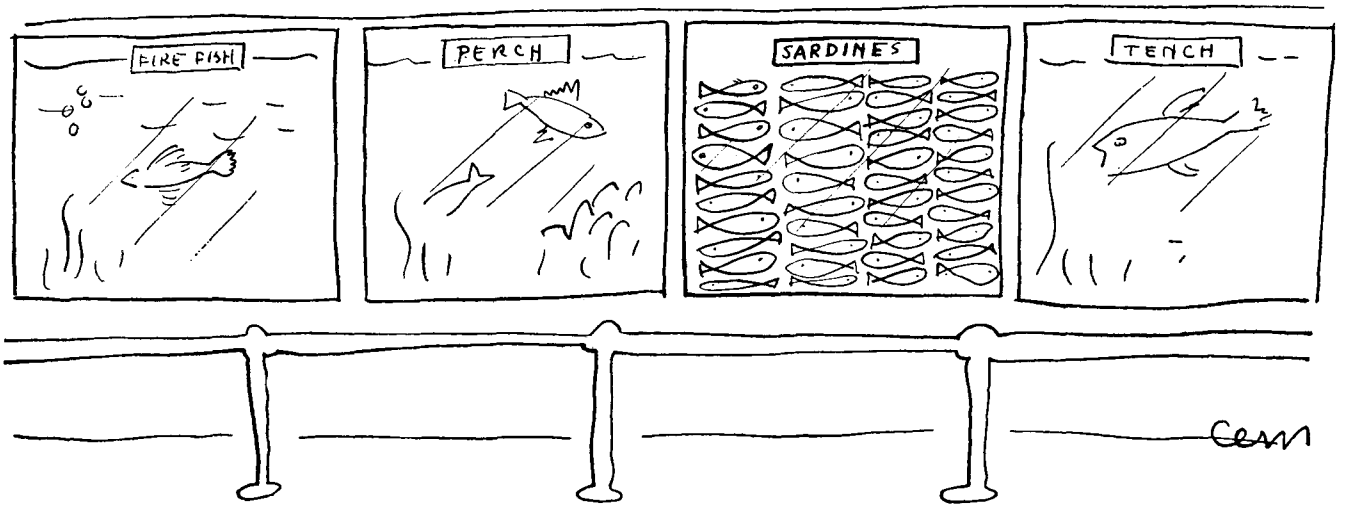
nostalgia. Why *isn't* life so stagily exotic and so passionately simple?

Louis MacNeice (**"Solstices,"** Oxford, $3.50), perhaps more assiduously than any other British or American poet, writes as though he were keeping a journal in which all entries turn out to be lyric poems. He records events in his travels and in his emotional life with an equal attention to detail, sometimes discursively, sometimes aphoristically, but always with a sense of the substantial fact and the clear comment. His manner is mild, urbane, and while few of his poems generate excitement, all of them command attention in a way that the poems of most "casual" poets do not. Technique is the difference—technique that has been refined to a point where the mind quite naturally selects the telling image and composes the graceful order. Most volumes of poetry demand continual adjustments on the part of the reader; and in the books of young poets every poem is apt to be a fresh assay into uncharted or murky territory. In the case of MacNeice, the necessity for such adjustments is reduced to a minimum. Once you have caught his pitch, you have him and can read him indefinitely without disturbance. To say this of many other poets would be to damn them. MacNeice compensates for his failure to excite by being entertaining, eminently readable, and clearly in command of poetry as both a means and a kind of intelligence.

Father Raymond Roseliep's works (**"The Linen Bands,"** Newman Press, $3.50)—in the mode, if not the vein, of MacNeice's—are pleasingly clear, conversationally engaging, and largely free of poetic straining. He has found his own comparatively modest language; and while this discovery has little objective significance for poetry as an art, it obviously accommodates everything he has to say. My objections to his work have to do with taste. Through his inability to resist making self-conscious intrusions that are either corny or coy, or both, some of his most potentially moving statements are reduced to mere poetic exercises. Every good poet learns to "stand aside" from even his deepest commitments. But when this strategy of momentary removal goes wrong, it has the effect of making the reader look at the poet instead of the poem, and the proper continuity of things is lost. My more serious objection on the score of taste is Father Roseliep's introduction of subjects that he cannot handle without embarrassing those of his readers with even the barest claims to sophistication. If he is not naïve beyond the credibility of the layman, he runs the risk of seeming dangerously smug. Absence of psychological insight becomes more jarring as he indulges, page after page, in cultural name-dropping. Bookishness in a priest-poet-professor is not unexpected. But, with a sort of cozy confidence in his election as a servant of God, Father Roseliep has a way of seeming to patronize the figures he invokes. The works of Picasso, Wilde, Cummings, Gauguin, and others are not, after all, *divertissements* for the entertainment of a broad-minded priest, but grotesque documents that just happen to be for real. The *faux naïf* attitudes governing Father Roseliep's poetry are too nice and too pretty. Determined beneficence dare not disguise itself as wisdom; and a blithe toleration of the bad world and its damned angels does little to indicate that either is recognized or even comprehended.

George Abbe's **"Collected Poems"** (Richard R. Smith, $3.50) are drawn from thirty years of poetic activity. They have been published almost everywhere and are about almost everything. Abbe is a professional craftsman who could probably set up shop and turn out a respectable poem on any subject his clients might bring in. There are incidental pleasures throughout his book; but in general a lack of any sort of urgency in what he says or how he says it eventually turns his insistent variety into a desperate sameness. The works of a journeyman writer like Abbe confound the critic because they are far better and more clearly entitled to commendation than many that pass for literature, and yet they never quicken the sense with the shock that emanates from the real thing. One wonders what would happen if he were forbidden to write poetry until some dark hour when his life depended upon it. Would this situation force him into some close-gathering of his talents that would thrust him out of verse and into poetry? Or would it simply afford him another fine subject to be worked out with predictable competence?

PERHAPS the strongest new voice among all of these poets is Robert Mezey's (**"The Lovemakers,"** Cummington Press, $2.85). It speaks with an obviously hard-bought control, nice modulations, and a keyed-down toughness that give his work a characteristic density and resilience. His book is divided into three sections, the first of which contains his early poems, written between 1950 and 1955. These are not particularly remarkable, except as a basis for comparison and a measure of progress. To read through them into his later work is to experience intimately the growth of an artist from a state of amorphous talent to a position of defined power. Philosophically, Mr. Mezey is still more concerned with observation than with comment, but his mind is lively and his eye registers more than it sees. His work is carefully wrought, often as spare as bones, but very seldom thin. Nowadays, when so much traditional poetry is metrically somnolent or blown up to soufflé proportions, when so much of the new "anti-academic" poetry seems like artless explosions of



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the alphabet, this amounts not only to a virtue but to a means of salvation. Mezey has won the right to address some of his blowzy contemporaries as he does in "A Coffee-House Lecture":

> Come now, you who carry
> Your passions on your back,
> Will insolence and envy
> Get you the skill you lack?
> Scorning the lonely hours
> That other men have spent,
> How can you hope to fathom
> What made them eloquent?

The poems in Albert Herzing's first volume, **"The Mother of the Amazons and Other Poems"** (contained in "Poets of Today VIII"), are informed by a welcome heartiness and an attractive openness of spirit. At first glance, they appear to be dancing with vitality and charged with excitements beyond the practice of so many of our younger writers who lose emotional urgency in the process of winning technical proficiency. But the high pitch, the seldom-relaxed and dizzying pace of so many of these poems soon become wearisome. Vitality does not necessarily mean strength, and it soon becomes obvious that Herzing's highland flings of alliterative language are flashy in appearance but deficient in choreography. His metaphors seem often to have been grasped at random, and frequently he uses two of them to make the same comparison, thereby loosening a point that should have been clinched in the first place. It is generous to offer the reader a choice of metaphors, but the very fact that choice is possible leads to the suspicion that neither possibility could be the right one. Too many of Herzing's poems are worked out like theorems. Once a reader has caught the trick, he reaches the last stanza or the last line almost expecting to read *quod erat demonstrandum*. But when Herzing evades his own too-obvious skilfulness and relaxes his determination to keep his language bouncing, he comes into his own with a handful of poems—among them "The Students" and "The Bowery"—that suggest he is frequently aware of his own hazards and that he can deftly overcome them.

John M. Ridland (**"Fires of Home"** in "Poets of Today VIII") is a resourceful poet and, in the sense that poems can convey the particular tilt and accent of a personality, an original one. His work is veined with the tensions that Herzing's lack, and even in passages of simple exposition his lines are turned that one millimeter away from the prosaic that means poetry. New Zealand, Scotland, America, literary life, army life and all the particular horrors of World War II and its aftermath provide him with scenes and poetic "materials." It is enormously to his credit that his talents control and use this great variety without being dispersed by it. The way Ridland handles his uncommonly diversified experience reminds us that poetry is transmutation. A reader may be successively directed to a hundred things, but his attention is more apt to be commanded by the grace and ambience with which overt subjects are made to illustrate the preoccupations of an interesting mind.

David R. Slavitt (**"Suits for the Dead"** in "Poets of Today VIII") shows the most authority among the younger poets under discussion here, and the surest ability not only to survive obvious influences but to turn them to his own devices. His poems have a density and toughness, a restrained wit, and a masculine sense of order that allows for neither soft centers nor frilly edges. Many of them are distinguished by a shining lyric clarity that recalls moments in Ezra Pound, and nearly all of them hit a worthy mark. Yet his exceptional promise shows most forcefully in the narrative poems, "Jericho," "Actaeon," and "Orpheus." These works tell their stories, satisfying a reader's vulgar demand for detail and narrative suspense, yet they never slide into the pedestrian relaxation that often overtakes the tellers of story-poems. Some poets need the amplitude that longer forms allow; Slavitt obviously does not. Yet, for all the deftness of his lyrics, his early success with narrative poetry suggest that he has come upon a comparatively neglected area in which he could achieve mastery. It is good to learn from the jacket of the book that the composition of a long narrative poem is now his main preoccupation.

Tram Combs's third published volume, **"But Never Mind"** (Golden Mountain Press, 50¢), is actually the first he wrote. It is slight in every way except the most important, and that is the way in which a view of life and the linguistic means to express that view are mutually shaped. Combs lives in St. Thomas, and the natural life of that island is the continuing incident from which he takes his images. He does not write *about* St. Thomas. He writes about himself, with an eye so richly nourished by the minutiae of subtropical life that every nuance of his thought seems quite naturally to find its embodiment in what he observes. Technically, he derives mainly from William Carlos Williams. Like Dr. Williams, he has put aside the more conventional mean by which poetry is measured and governed, and found freedom in his character. It is a risky way for any poet. But among the many who have chosen it, Combs is clearly one of the few who have made it personally viable and who show that their capacity for independent growth is greater than their ability merely to imitate. There is a pleasing core of defined character that endows even Combs's slightest notations with substance and restraint.

Mimi Goldberg's poems, on the other hand, tend somehow to be all over the place and, in some cases, all over the page. Her book, **"The Lover and Other Poems"** (Kraft Publishing Co., $1.25), a collection of jottings for poems, reveal an attractive personality who may one day shape these draughty notations into something more than ephemera. The freshness she finds in aspects of ordinary domestic existence is engaging, but she has not yet learned how language can revitalize and preserve this freshness as she tries to transmute it from actuality into poetry.

In **"The New Book/A Book of Torture"** (Grove, $1.95) Michael McClure offers one poem—**"Ode to** Jackson Pollock"—in which feeling and comment are brought into a tenable order. It is the first poem in the collection, and its relatively composed statements hardly prepare one for the caterwauling in upper case, the writhings and exclamation points, the bawling advertisement of imaginative bankruptcy, and the tedious backyard fence *graffiti* that follow through to the end. The Christian thing is to suffer torture, not to inflict it. But one suspects that in McClure's vocabulary Christ is just another one of those bad, bad words.

When the Goers Are Gone

By Thomas John Carlisle

MAP said the road went through, but grass and growth
argued it didn't; and the beaver dam
mucked out the last bones of its skeleton.
What makes a path able to say *I am*
except for people constantly astride
it trudging, marching, riding, foot and wheel
tattooing the familiar pattern loud?
The going and the goers make the road real.

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Rhyme and Reason at Random

Helen Bevington — softer than McGinley, sweeter than Parker.

"When Found, Make a Verse Of," by Helen Bevington *(Simon & Schuster. 314 pp. $4.50), demonstrates how the author has created poems out of her experiences, and collects anecdotes and works of other writers that have impressed her. Charles Simmons is with the New York Times Book Review.*

By Charles Simmons

THIS BOOK deserves a special response. In a sense it's not a book at all. It could be broken into halves, or tenths, or hundredths really, without destroying what is in it. And yet together it is more than its parts. If one were to pick it up, as I did at first, to flick through it idly without reading, it would seem perhaps the notebook of some dead personage whose every word had been so precious that it had to be published. Or, better, it might seem the *pensées* of a poetical Pascal. And one would be attracted to it for that reason, suspecting that here were unpolished stones cast at random for the reader to shine at leisure.

But this is a first impression, and like all first impressions both right and wrong. Mrs. Bevington is a very live poet (she bridles at the word "poetess," which *Time* magazine used to describe her, and would settle without injury for "poetaster"). But she is a poet. Her verses have appeared where good verses are appreciated, in *The New Yorker, The Atlantic Monthly, The Times Book Review*. They have been verses not in the highest fashion, softer than Phyllis McGinley's, sweeter than Dorothy Parker's, cooler than Edna Millay's. But she is in that company, celebrating the commonplace, unashamed to show the heart.

The first impression of stones cast before the reader is correct, and if they already have been polished by Mrs. Bevington herself, still a reader can stop, finger one, see strange and personal reflections in it.

Then what is this book? It has many poems, some of them her own, some by other poets, which she likes and wants to admire, or doesn't like and wants to argue with.

And what else? Well, there are slight, exquisitely told anecdotes—entertaining E. E. Cummings at dinner, watching Albert Einstein open a window to see how it works, walking with Bertrand Russell through a cold September afternoon. And there are outrages too. Mrs. Bevington took snippets of comment from Herrick's poems about his Julia and fashioned them into a new kind of poem. Not only that, but she went on to write a poem of her own with the material. Herrick would have enjoyed both creations, I think.

But most charming in a wholly charming book are the many instances where Mrs. Bevington tells a little story with a hundred or two hundred words of prose—about looking at the moon upside down, say—and then, when you think that is all of it, shows the poem she has written from the experience. Thus the title, "When Found, Make a Verse Of." Delightful too, and unaffected, is her way of dealing with the quick and the long-dead as if they were contemporaries. Something wry and right that Dr. Johnson said to her in Boswell's biography has the same place in her head and her book as a comment made to her face by Lytton Strachey's sister.

So this is a book of good things found and good things made by one who is not easily pleased but readily pleased. I think the reader will have a sense of receiving a present from a happy, talented, and cultivated lady.

A Song for the Stage

"Poems and Verse Plays," by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *edited by Michael Hamburger with a preface by T. S. Eliot (Pantheon. 549 pp. $6), makes available in English the brilliant early work of a major German poet who is perhaps best known to Americans as the librettist of "Der Rosenkavalier." Joseph Slater is head of Colgate University's English Department.*

By Joseph Slater

ADVOCATES of foreign language study ought to think more than they do about the rewards of being half-educated and foreign. Only the literary *tourist* can know the delights of discovering in middle age the collected works of a major writer. Only the foreigner can read poetry in which every meter pleases, every metaphor is fresh, and the consonants clang and hiss in harmonies he has never heard before. Let us take care that in making young Americans linguistically sophisticated we do not deprive them of the simple pleasures of the ignorant.

These cautionary remarks are called forth by the appearance of "Poems and Verse Plays," by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Volume II in the Bollingen edition of the selected works. Here for the first time in one volume and with decent translations is most of that brilliant body of poetry that preceded Hofmannsthal's collaboration with Richard Strauss and made him in the judgment of his countrymen the peer of George and Rilke: twenty-five poems written—with one exception—between 1892 and 1898, when he was the *Wunderkind* of literary Vienna; and six poetic dramas, all from the Nineties, in which he moved out of the Wildean estheticism of his boyhood toward the traditionalism and social involvement of his maturity. How many Americans know even their titles?

The book has been edited, with taste and authority, by Michael Hamburger, literary historian and critic and translator of Hölderlin. It has a short preface by T. S. Eliot which ranks Hofmannsthal with Yeats and Claudel as the

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Shelters, Survival, and Common Sense

Part III

THE PRINCIPAL objections to the previous two editorials on fallout shelters came from those who said we missed the main point. They did not quarrel with the facts we advanced about the possible inadequacy of shelters. Their argument was directed to an issue completely separate from shelters per se. This is what they said:

"The question of shelters is related to the war of nerves with the Soviet Union. The United States can afford to retreat no longer. If we back down on Berlin, it would be only a matter of months before an even larger threat would confront us. Therefore we have to make credible to the Russians the fact that we are prepared to fight for Berlin. We must mean it. We must not let them think we are so terrified of nuclear war that we don't have the nerve to fight. The Russians are scrutinizing us carefully for softness. If they see that the President really means business and is prepared to fight a nuclear war, and if they see that the American people are taking the possibility of nuclear war seriously and are not afraid to face up to it, they may not want to push us too far on the assumption we are bluffing. And a nationwide shelter-building program is the best evidence we can give them that the American people have the will to fight and endure a nuclear war.

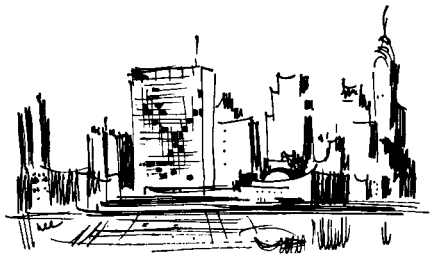
"This is the whole point about fallout shelters. The facts in *SR* about firestorms and craters and suffocation hazards and bacteriological warfare may be true but they are irrelevant. In fact, they are dangerous. They are dangerous because they may dissuade people from building shelters. If this happens, it weakens our posture in dealing with the Russians."

THE foregoing is a literal statement of the "credibility" theory. It is held by certain officials on the state and national levels. There is the candid admission that fallout shelters might not provide the protection as advertised, but the efficacy of the shelters is secondary to a strategical purpose. If one asks why this strategical purpose is not made clear to the American people as an intrinsic part of the argument for shelters, the answer one receives is that the people might not find it persuasive. It is felt they are not sufficiently sophisticated in complex questions involving strategical purpose and that only the hard line about personal and family safety is likely to work.

In a dictatorship, this kind of manipulation of public action and opinion might have some standing. In a free society, it is grotesquely out of place, and its advocates should be made to debate their propositions. It represents a surrender to the cynical view that only the few know what the many must believe and what they should be made to do. In this philosophy people cease to be people. They become pawns on a grand strategical chessboard to be deployed or sacrificed at the chessplayer's discretion. The American people may or may not agree with the reasoning of those who want to convince the Russians the United States is willing to fight a nuclear war, but they will not accept the proposition that they must become pawns in such an enterprise. Nor can they be expected to concur in the notion that their possible opposition to the credibility theory means they are unsophisticated about the complex problems of national survival.

TWO issues are alive here. One is the irresponsibility and arrogance involved in a deliberate program of deceit and manipulation seeking to accomplish purposes that are not fully and directly stated. The other issue concerns the nature of the basic objectives and the quality of the reasoning behind them. The first issue needs no further exposition. We therefore proceed to the second.

The trouble with the credibility theory is that it makes the wrong things credible. It succeeds in convincing an enemy only that he must improve his nuclear capability to whatever point is necessary in order to cancel out a counter-move or possible advantage. Would United States policy makers change their position on Berlin or any other vital issue if the Russians began to build underground shelters both to prove to us that they really meant business and to increase their chances that



some fraction of the population might survive after a nuclear war? Certainly not. Far from backing down on Berlin or any other issue involving our vital interests, we would make counter-moves to block or frustrate the Russian strategy. Our military people would resolutely produce nuclear weapons with ground-hugging, long-lived radioactivity characteristics. They would step up the production of firestorm-making nuclear bombs for the purpose of consuming the oxygen and driving people from the shelters into the radioactive open. In short, we would regard the

(*Continued on page* 62)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

JOHN CIARDI's definition of translation as "the art of the best possible failure" [*SR*, Oct. 7] is superb.

The end result of a translator's efforts is sometimes called "version." The Spanish verb "*verter*" means to pour, that is, to cast. But in order to cast a solid piece of material you first have to melt it, and this is the mental process that takes place in the translator's mind.

Someday when authors, lawyers, businessmen, etc., learn to respect the exacting and confining work of the professional translator, communications between nations and individuals will improve tremendously. A great deal of the prevailing misunderstanding in international relations may be due to faulty "casting" of words and phrases expressed in another language.

JORGE SARMIENTO.

Tulsa, Okla.

THE MOON AND MEN

FRANK W. ABRAMS, in "The Dangers and Delights of Unlimited Leisure" [*SR*, Oct. 14], hits the nail on the head. But what methods does he or anyone else propose for solving the problem of inadequate Social Security and other so-called benefits? Obviously Congress is more concerned about shooting a man to the moon than relieving the suffering of senior citizens.

BENJAMIN DUCK.

Los Angeles, Calif.

CUBA AND CASTRO

WALDO FRANK criticized two books on Cuba—"The Cuban Story," by Herbert L. Matthews, and "Tragic Island," by Irving Peter Pflaum—just as *his* book on Cuba was being published [*SR*, Oct. 7]. His criticism consists of his own wordy arguments. He would have us believe he is the final authority: "I happen to know . . ." "Castro . . . told me." I am afraid Mr. Frank's sulky tone is a poor advertisement for his own book. . . .

MRS. WILLIAM D. WAXTER.

Baltimore, Md.

AS A TEACHER and writer of history, I wish to raise an objection to Waldo Frank's statement that "No revolution . . . can indulge in elections. Washington at Valley Forge did not institute elections, and if he had the Tories would probably have won. The liberals who call for elections in Cuba *now* are either insincere or foolish."

Actually, Washington held himself responsible to the Continental Congress, and repeatedly rejected suggestions that he usurp its powers and become a dictator. If the elections to that Congress were not wholly democratic, they were probably more so than *any* elections to the British Parliament before 1832. Nor is it likely that a majority of Americans were Tories; had that been the case, the British must have won, supported as the Loyalists (Tories) were by the British fleet and army, plus Hessians and Indians. Loyalist strength has been estimated by some historians as high as a third of the population, but that is no majority.

Moreover, the United States has held elections at times quite as critical as present days in Cuba; in the midst of the Civil War there were Congressional elections in 1862 and 1864, and Lincoln himself had to go before the people in the latter year. If Castro doesn't like elections it must be that, like all dictators, he cannot endure criticism or opposition.

PRESTON SLOSSON,
Culver Military Academy.

Culver, Ind.

"For your information, I would have preferred to be among the unlucky many who were not called!"

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

THANK YOU very much for the wonderful things Arthur Knight said in his review of "West Side Story" [*SR*, Oct. 14] about my contribution as production designer. It is most gratifying to receive such recognition.

However, I am surprised to read, "It is always difficult to assign credit where it is due in a movie. . . . One can only say that Saul Bass, the visual consultant, and/or Boris Leven, the production designer, have made this film as exciting pictorially as it is musically and dramatically. . . ."

I respect and admire Mr. Bass's work in his field of graphic design, but Mr. Bass had absolutely nothing, and I repeat, nothing, to do with either the conception, or the design, or the color, or the ideas for lighting of any of the sets or backgrounds—or with anything that had to do with the visual aspect of the film. . . .

No assignment that I have been associated with in the past twenty-five years has given me a greater feeling of pride and satisfaction. Therefore, the proper recognition of what I may have accomplished on "West Side Story" is of utmost importance to my future in this field.

I must ask you to correct your statement and "assign credit where it is due."

BORIS LEVEN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

WE ARE GREATLY pleased to note the inclusion in "Critics' Poll" [*SR*, Oct. 7] of "Nine Basic Arts," by Paul Weiss. Alas, however, we are chagrined to note that the publisher is incorrectly stated. We are the publishers of "Nine Basic Arts."

VERNON STERNBERG, Director,
Southern Illinois University Press.

Carbondale, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR regrets that the book was incorrectly attributed to the University of Illinois, and is glad to set the record straight.*

HITS AND MISSES

I COMPLETELY AGREE with Cleveland Amory's recent comment on the Yankee debacle [FIRST OF THE MONTH, Oct. 7]. Mantle at least appears to be a sportsman in addition to an athlete and money seeker. His associate is not only colorless but a bit too avaricious for one riding on God-given talent. I, for one, second Mr. Amory's motion for two seasons and playoff. But how can it be initiated?

JAMES L. MCKENNEY.

Lexington, Mass.

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

NEWS: I am not a newspaperman. In moments of dramatic self-indulgence I let myself think I may have some dark blotches on my soul, but nothing as bad as that. Be it said to my credit that I have even labored to win some newspapermen from their sinful ways and to lead them to more wholesome things.

Back in 1946, in a burst of zeal that might clearly have been missionary, I even went so far as to marry Miss Judith Hostetter, then an instructor in journalism at the University of Kansas City. I swear I was moved at least largely, though perhaps not exclusively, by the hope of reclaiming her from a misguided career and of leading her to a better life. I do not always feel that she has been appropriately grateful, but no matter. It is ignoble to think of repayment for a sacrifice freely made—as if what was done of the largess of the spirit could be repaid in pittances. Yet such is my conditioning that I can never meet a reporter without wondering why no good man or good woman was moved to make the sacrifice that might have taken the pencil out of that head, the clocks from those eyes, and the scurry out of that psyche.

For, certainly, the dateline psychosis is a human disaster. I prefer my news aged for recognition. Rush it onto the streets with a still-smearable dateline on it and I don't much care. The world cannot be read in wet ink. At least the history of journalism has yet to turn the trick more than once or twice a century, and then only in recounting such calamities as announced themselves forever. Show me from the files of history any newspaper with a headline reading, say, BEETHOVEN COMPLETES EROICA and I will eat my words. Or show me a current newspaper with such headlines as W. H. AUDEN LOCATES METAPHOR or PICASSO REALLY LOOKS AT A FISH or ROBERT FROST SITS AND THINKS—show me any such, and my life subscription will be in on the spot.

What I do with my news is—clip it, toss it into a file, and wait to see if it takes shape. Sometimes it does and sometimes it doesn't, but as anyone may have guessed by now, all of this is leading up to some after-the-fact quarterbacking, this time anent a far-flung football in which Major Titov took off for 435,000 miles and a clear first down for their side. What I find in my folder from the whole business is a wire-service photo and an editorial from the New York *Times*. My quarrel with the news-heads (*Am. slang*: by analogy to more common "hop-head." A worthless person engaged in newspaper work) is that they can't even locate the calamities when they jump up and run 435,000 miles.

The photo shows a small mob of Russians—about twenty of them—jammed together around one midget automobile in order, according to the caption, to hear the car radio describe the flight and, even more, to hear Titov call in from the other side of the sky. Had I been running a newspaper, I'd have sent out cameramen to photograph twenty representative Americans sitting in twenty separate cars, each listening to his personal radio announce by how much we were losing; in high style, to be sure, but losing. It might have made a crowded page, but a good layout man could fix that. I'd have made a page every American would have done well to pin on his wall.

For that photo shows how the Russians really did it and how they feel about it. They are going to the moon because twenty of them still have to crowd around one radio to hear about it. Sure, we've got the goods. But they have the thrust. And the way they feel about it is—good. Just as we'd feel good if it had happened the other way round. Who needs singing commercials and Jack Paar when he can crowd around the set—even around someone else's set—and hear his side sending in the big word from the sky?

And still the news-heads kid themselves. Even the *Times* could not set itself straight on the facts of Ivan's choice. The editorial I have in my files is from the *Times* for August 7—written while Titov was still up there—and certainly its writer qualifies for the Tin-Plated Hole-in-the-Head Award. The editorial reads in part:

> It is difficult not to be impressed by the supreme irony of Major Titov's feat. He and his vehicle are the products of a society which is still unable to give its citizens a standard of living—food, housing, clothing, and the like—equal even to that of Western Europe, let alone the United States. The billions of dollars' worth of effort that have been poured unstintingly these past years into making this feat possible could have been used to ease the terrible Soviet housing shortage, to provide citizens with more adequate health care . . . etc. . . .

Whatever the *Times* is using for counters, I cannot make myself feel sorry for Ivan. Sure I like being in on a good thing. I bought Boeing and a few other such at the right time and they go up at least two or three points every time Jack makes another speech. I like the gravy train. I like the advantages of being able to smoke too many cigarettes and to eat too much and of having two automobiles in case I should ever be tempted to use my legs. Our adequate health care will tend to my fumey lungs, my paunch, and my rubber legs.

But I want to tell President Kennedy that just in case I had to cut down a bit and walk a little more, I wouldn't hold that against him.

And what I want to tell that news-head at the *Times* is that I'd gladly trade my collection of odds and ends—the radios, the TV, the two cars, the extra bathrooms, the deep freeze, and the diet pills—for the day my ill-fed, ill-housed, and unmedicated shadow might crowd around somebody else's car and hear the big word from the sky come down in American English. And I want to tell all of the news-heads that if they keep pussyfooting around and acting as if *we* had the ball on *their* six-inch line, they had better start studying Russian if they want to stay in the newspaper business.

LIKE YOU LIKE IT: Never having been taught to use "like" as a conjunction, that misusage continues to grate on my reactionary ear, so much so, in fact, that I found myself growling "*as*, damn it!" every time the car radio let out another Winstonism. As (damn it!) things go, the growl was a reflex and I remained unaware of it until, in the course of one long drive with our three little big-eared pitchers in the back seat, my wife told me to stop it.

There came a sequel a few weeks later when our local school had its annual parents' day and I found myself sitting on a first-grade bench in a chummy squeeze with my son Jonnel. Somewhere in the course of things the teacher said, "Like in Philadelphia." Instantly, Jonnel nudged me, and with a knowing wink between men and fellow initiates, and with a smile of pure joy in our shared secret, whispered, "*As*, damn it!"

Jonnel, I loved you in that moment with such a tug as will never leave my heart. But suppose you had said it to the teacher? How should I ever have defended your rightness from the world's proprieties? A chilly thought. But don't stop. As (damn it!) you well know, you're right. Please be careful (a little, and just for a while) at whom you are right. But once you're firm on your legs, make sure that you are right, then stand up and be right. And bless you, damn it!

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Fanciulla del West" 39th St—Susskind

BY the measure of what was being said in mid-August, any Metropolitan Opera opening in this late October must be described as more than ordinarily an event. It was promoted to the status of an occasion by the reappearance, after a thirty years' absence from this theatre, of Giacomo Puccini's "La Fanciulla del West." Despite the usual dressy audience that seemed moderately indifferent to whether it was an event or an occasion so long as they were present, the evening provided something even rarer—a wholehearted company effort by a group of singers giving every evidence of being supremely happy that nobody or nothing interfered with just what they were doing: performing to the best of their abilities.

And these abilities, this company effort, was of the sort that quickly returned one to the unanswered question: why has "Fanciulla" been away so far, so long? The answer conceivably could be that if you give an opera a bad name (and "La Fanciulla del West" is as good a bad name as any opera has to contend against) its chances of survival are more than ever in jeopardy. Thanks to the enlightened policy of Rudolf Bing in giving this generation a chance to review and evaluate the judgments of the preceding one, and a powerful cast of singers headed by Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker and Anselmo Colzani under consistently impulsive leadership by Fausto Cleva, the future of "Fanciulla" here is decidedly brighter than its past. Indeed, if it had more than a painted over "production" borrowed from the Lyric Opera of Chicago (it belongs, to date the period, to the Insull stock) it might be commended as something to see as well as hear.

As it happens, however, that theme runs straight through the whole experience, always excepting the extraordinary Jack Rance of Colzani, a big man with a big voice, and a big idea of how a Western sheriff behaves in an Italian opera. He should be a Scarpia for the eye as well as the ear, for in this prolongation of the Scarpia strain in Puccini's nature, he succeeded in making the crude venom of the character credible, and his passion plausible. An operatic artist can hardly earn higher praise than for shading black and white into several tints of grey. In so doing, Colzani qualified not only as a highly competent singer, but also as an operatic artist.

"Competent" is a tame word for the kind of vocal art provided for Minnie by Miss Price and by Tucker for his Dick Johnson. She took in her stride the challenge posed by this opening night assignment in a role she had never sung publicly before, as well as the burden of being the first prima donna of her race to earn such an opportunity. The natural assumption that her voice will grow in size with use was borne out by the power she summoned at will: but there was also the sensitive command of nuance to make the quieter moments of acts I and II count for the contrast the composer planned. Lacking, however, was a physical illusion of the "viso d'angelo" ("face of an angel") praised by her bandit-lover. These are hard facts to face for an artist of Miss Price's quality: but they must be reckoned with if she is to make the most of her abilities. For his part, Tucker has rarely sounded so well, up to and including the arioso in act III.

In a cast replete with performances of high vocal quality in subsidiary roles (Ezio Flagello sings the touching melody of the camp minstrel beautifully, Robert Nagy is a resonant Joe, Clifford Harvuot did all that a Sonora could, likewise Margaret Ruggero as Wowkle) the thought recurrently returned: how could "Fanciulla" be presented to get something more out of its materials than was achieved by Henry Butler in his debut as a stage director for the Metropolitan? In the circumstances, what he did was admirable—especially as related to the actions of the principals, but it was all within a rationale of the irrational, so to speak: to make the implausible reasonably plausible, and evade the realistic wherever possible.

This, I think, would only be possible in a production that would take its cue from the title itself that "Fanciulla del West" is a hybrid. It is a mixture of elements which rather stubbornly refuse to become a blend, a complex of styles which looks ahead as much to "Turandot" (and the intermediate "La Rondine") as it looks back to "Butterfly" and "Tosca." In it, for perhaps the only time in his career, Puccini tried truly to write a music drama . . . or at least, a musical melodrama. The texture is continuous, the arias virtually non-existent (save for Johnson's in act III), the opportunities for the customary mid-act applause contravened by elisions into the next episode. Much of the melodic impulse is conveyed by the orchestra, as the voices pursue the dramatic thread in dialogue treated semi-melodically.

Basically, "Fanciulla" is no more an American opera than "Butterfly" is Japanese: each is formulated by Puccini out of his strong sense of relationship to the main line of Italian opera, with an overlay of color and characterization derived from the locality of his choice. Whereas "Butterfly" finds us indulgent of the liberties Puccini and his librettists have permitted themselves in terms of the Japanese background, "Fanciulla" constantly encounters exposed native sensitivities, asks for concessions we only grudgingly yield to its emotional appeal.

What might be in order, now that the persistence of that emotional appeal has been demonstrated, likewise the vocal aptitudes of such performers as Colzani, Price, and Tucker (as well as the dozen or so subordinates) is a real *revival* of "Fanciulla." That would include a stage setting worthy not only of the subject—Puccini's music—but also the object: California of the Gold Rush days. It would have a rough realism, of course: but it would also be vigorous and picturesque, as well as merely utilitarian. To judge from his work with this makeshift, Butler might well be the man to undertake such a project from a fresh new viewpoint. Certainly he got around some of its more treacherous aspects—such as the tussle of Rance and Minnie, and the stacked game of poker—in a way to suggest that he could do even more.

For the while, however, the visitor to the Metropolitan's "Fanciulla" is assured of a new, invigorating contact with the essence of Puccini: which is to say, with a strain of musical theatre which died with him.

As befits a native of Prague, Walter Susskind showed himself in adroit command of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" in his debut as conductor of the New York City Opera Company at City Center. There was fluency, pace, and momentum in his leadership when he was not detained by some momentary vacillations (especially by Spiro Malas as Bartolo). A well pointed fulcrum for the well balanced cast was provided by Judith Raskin's Susanna, with Frances Bible displacing her practised Cherubino on one side and Doris Jung, in her debut, providing a resonant, somewhat oversung Countess on the other. Norman Treigle as Figaro and William Chapman as the Count did their best by the English Text, which plainly added to audience enjoyment.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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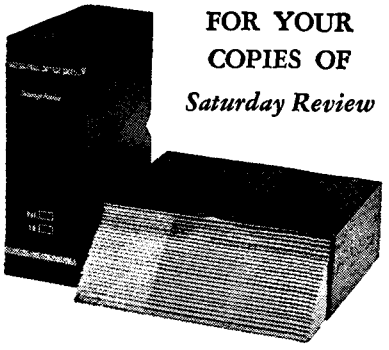

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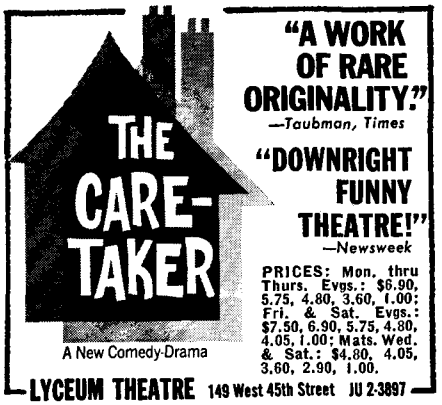

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

General Cookup

THERE IS a fulminating moment in the first act of Steven Gethers's new comedy, "**A Cook for Mr. General,**" which may send you into the longest uncontrollable spasm of laughter since the steam-room scene in "The Body Beautiful." The humorous preparation for it begins with the entrance into a World War II rehabilitation camp of a group of Army misfits. Clearly, each of them has driven himself into his individual psychotic potentialities in order to confound Army discipline. For instance, there is a soldier in a Christ-like beard and tattered Army blanket who replies to orders only with biblical metaphors, another who acquiesces a sergeant to death with professed overcompliance followed by flagrant mutiny, and a third who can break up any roll call simply because his legal first name is a dirty word. This unmanageable group explodes into chaos when one of its members, a huge Greek named Agganis, knocks an officer cold. As two stretcher-bearers start to carry off the unconscious officer on the double, the General enters. "Atten-hut." barks the harassed Sergeant, and to everyone's amazement the stretcher-bearers drop the stretcher to the ground with a thud, come to rigid attention for an instant, and then without batting an eye pick it up and resume their trip. It is hilarious because it is the last straw in a demonstration of the inability of reasonable systems to deal with unreasonable circumstances.

The rest of the play tends to be funniest when these screwballs are carrying on. The main plot, which features the stubborn Greek wooing the diehard General into such unorthodoxies as requisitioning octopus and lamb's intestines from the Quartermaster, performing Greek folk-dances, and using reward rather than threats to make his resistant rehabilitees obey his orders, doesn't work as well as it should. Inspired insanity seems to have given way to ordinary blackmail and a trite sentimentality.

While Roberts Blossom, Gerald Loughlin, George Furth, and some of the other actors playing the misfits have a field day, Bill Travers and Roland Winters as Agganis and the General must, during most of the play, satisfy themselves with making the best of someone's mistaken notion that a conventional play is necessary. Nevertheless, when "A Cook for Mr. General" does rise to its farcical peaks it is so wildly funny that you may forgive the play its lapses into congruity.

The Harry Kurnitz adaptation of Marcel Achard's French hit, "L'Idiot," here called "**A Shot in the Dark,**" also falls short of its comic potentialities. The story of a licentious maid being interrogated for the murder of the chauffeur who was her lover is most amusing when its principals are making fun of society's pompous surface, and one can imagine French actors outrageously sharing their earthy reactions with the audience.

For some reason the performances here are with two exceptions depressingly subdued, as if the point of the play were the young interrogator's courage in ferreting out the true crime in the face of official resistance. The first exception is Julie Harris, who plays the wanton but good-hearted maid with a sauciness that is amazing for a girl who only a few plays ago triumphed as the innocent Joan of Arc. Watch Miss Harris start to pull her dress off with a matter-of-factness worthy of Irma La Douce, and you know that here is an artist who can apply her talent to any role. The second exception is Walter Matthau, whose well-timed use of circumlocutional responses makes the second act of this play so entertaining. But their good work does not keep Acts I and III from subsiding into disappointingly mundane drama.

A CONVENTIONALLY romantic musical, "**Milk and Honey,**" offers us a pretty American widow who takes a trip to Israel where she falls in love with a retired, wealthy business man whose daughter and son-in-law have become Negev farmers. Although Jerry Herman's score suffers from being heavily overladen with romantic songs and production numbers, it is richly melodic, and on one occasion briefly relents to demonstrate Mr. Herman's ability with a comic lyric. The Israeli folk dancing is vigorous and rousing. Mimi Benzell and Robert Weede sing their leading roles handsomely; and Molly Picon is delectable as an American widow who likes marriage because with a husband there's always "someone if you wake up in the middle of the night and you want a glass of water, he should get it for you." You may find Don Appell's plot a little arbitrary, but "Milk and Honey" is on the whole pleasant, picturesque, and easy to take. —HENRY HEWES.

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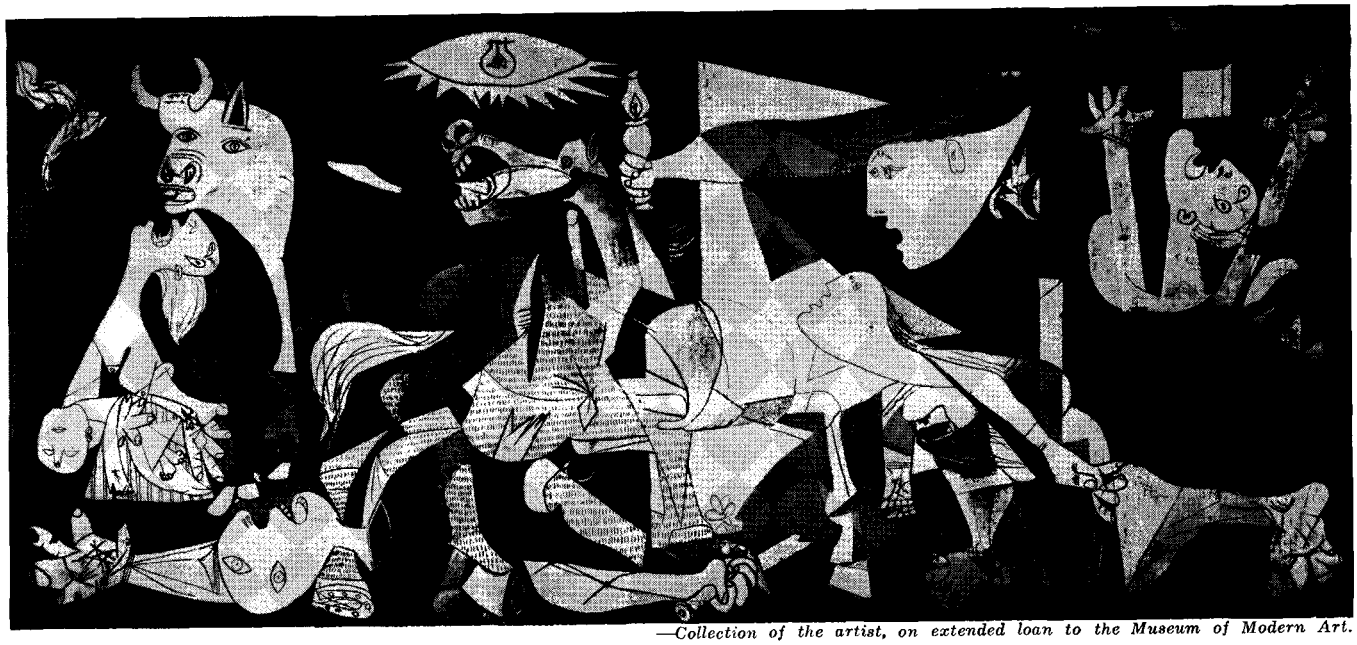
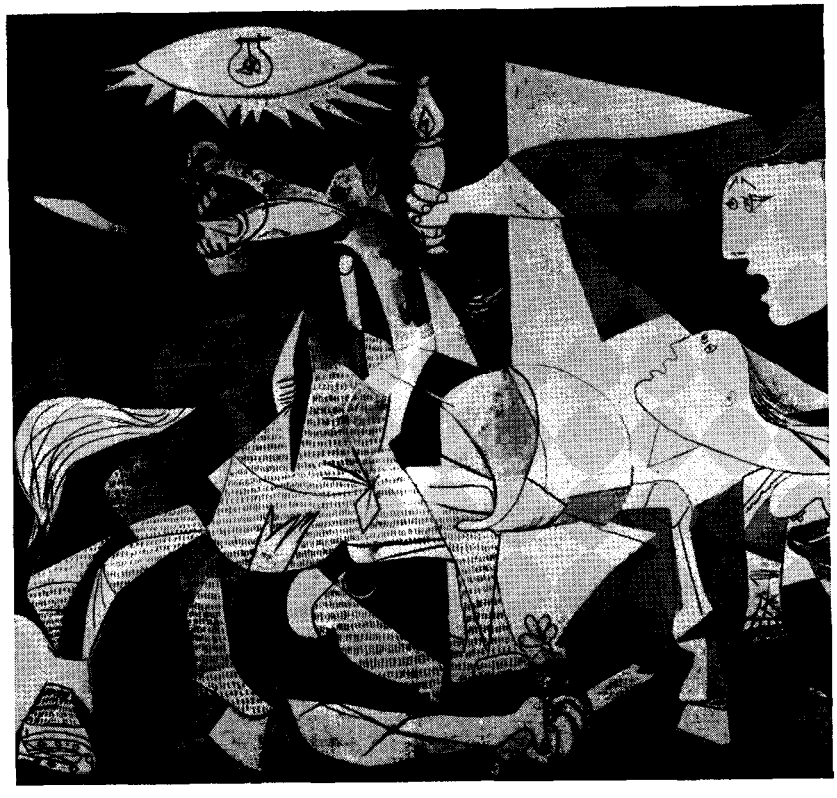
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



—*Collection of the artist, on extended loan to the Museum of Modern Art.*

"Guernica," by Pablo Picasso, 1937

A detail from "Guernica"



On April 27, 1937, the Spanish town of Guernica was almost completely destroyed by German bombers fighting for Franco. A few days later Picasso started a mural dedicated to this tragedy. Sometimes considered the greatest painting of our century, "Guernica" stands as the ultimate indictment of man's inhumanity to man. The whole meaning of the canvas is centered in destruction—broken bodies and broken forms expressed by methods savage enough to suggest the brutality of war. Picasso included only those elements that contributed to his theme. Sometimes it was a contorted head with outstretched arm he needed, sometime an entire mutilated body. Even his shredded composition, built on jagged contrasts of light and dark and on the timely idea of torn newsprint, stressed destruction. Here meaning and form were so closely interwoven as to create a new language of horror. —K.K.

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How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

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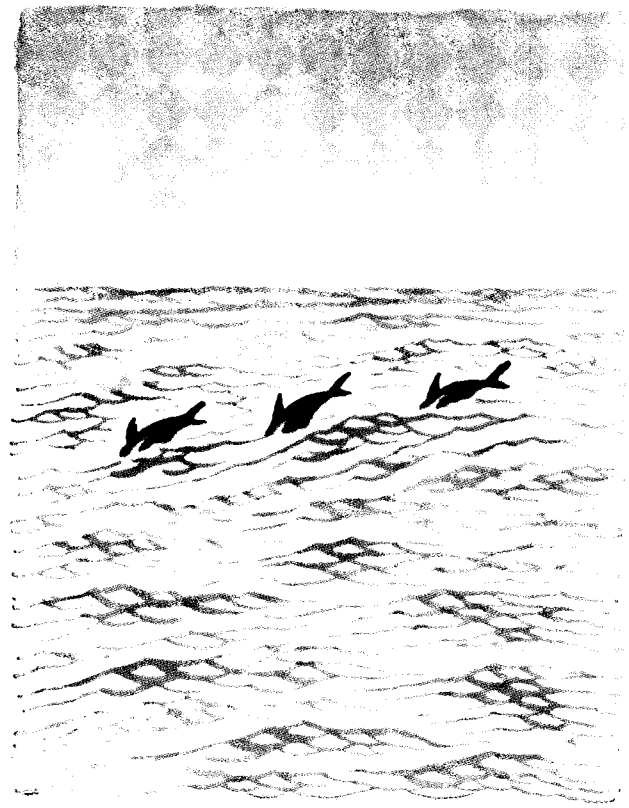
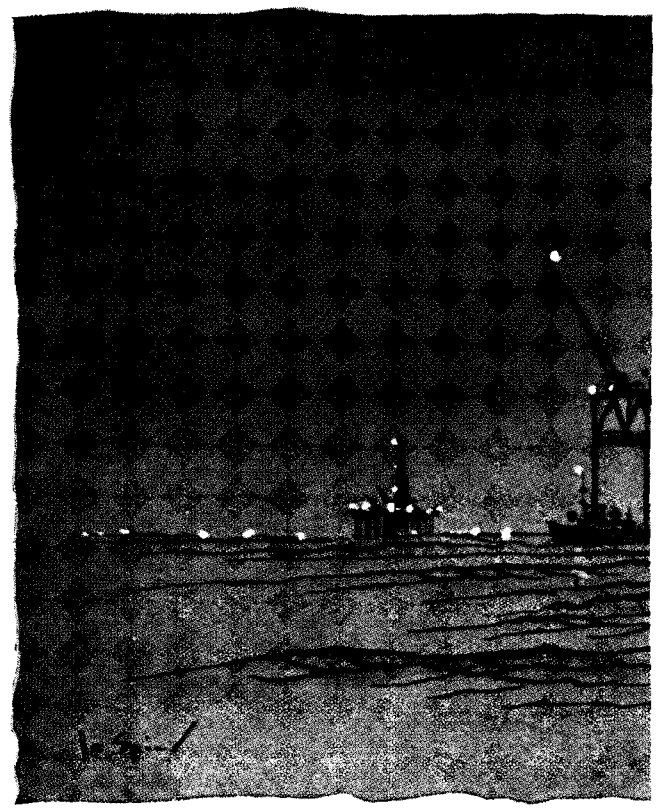
in the Sea



Searching for oil takes us to many kinds of places. The distant, the difficult, the unusual. Even the seemingly alien sea is a place for prospecting. ⇨



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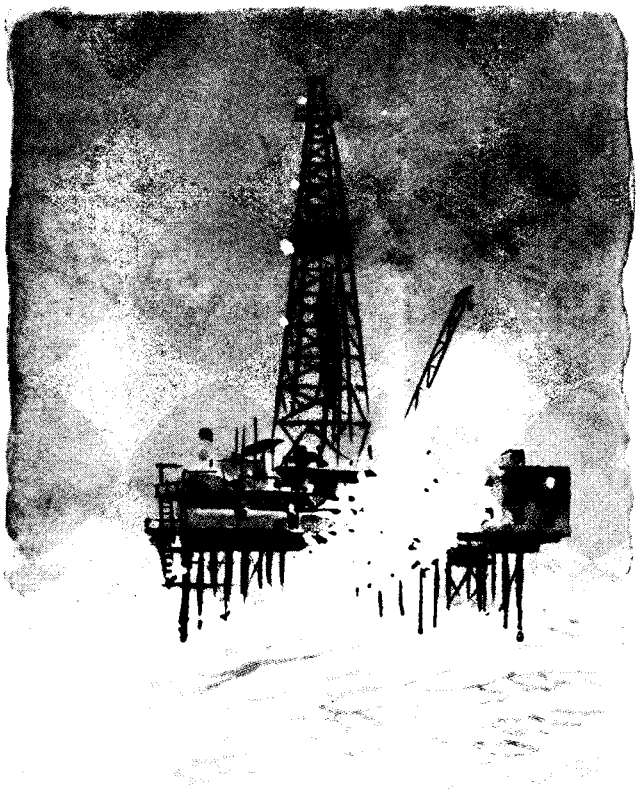

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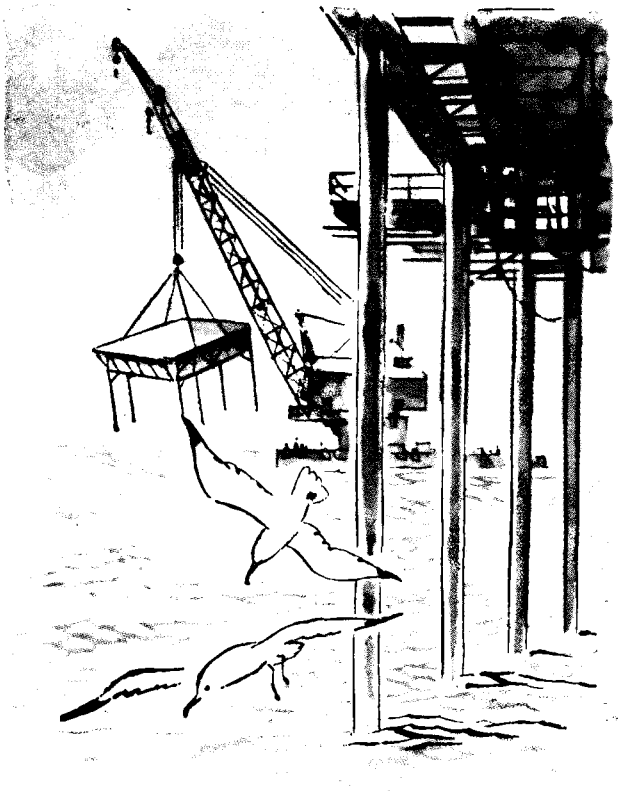

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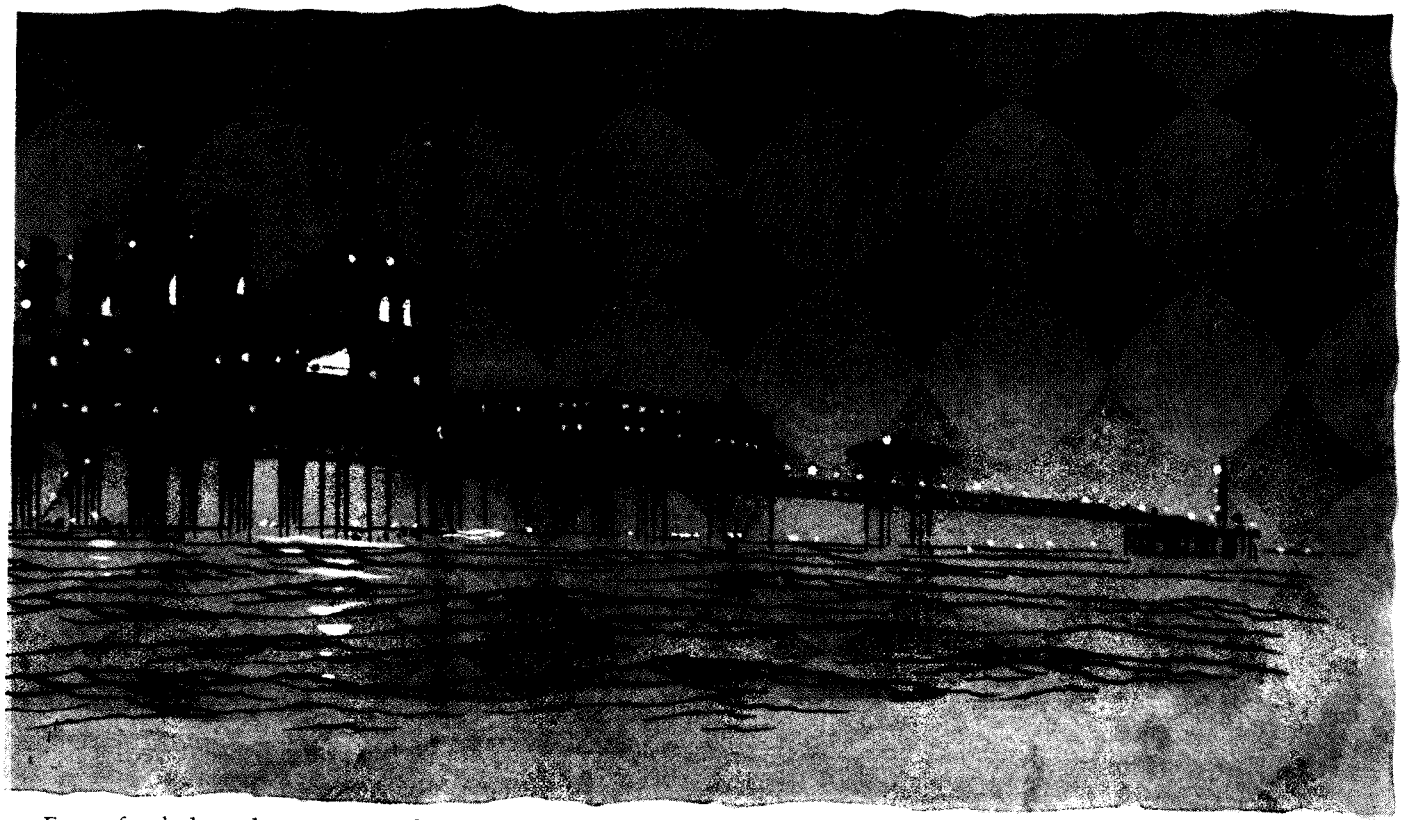

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

U.S. on a Bus

AT half past five the other autumn morning London was as dark as a blacked-out night in the buzz bomb days of '43. Now, nearly a score of years later, the darkness and the city were the only two elements that drew one's mind backward across a double decade. The austerity had long since been succeeded by serenity, and now, at last, there was even luxury. Hardly a creature was stirring in the Carleton Tower, not yet open a year, but the carpeted halls and the marble walls breathed a new richness of life. It was too early for the slim new television set that waited on the low table with the patience of a British footman, but room service functioned around the clock and there was breakfast at the door at 5:45. We crawled into a new Minicab, that new desecration of the British tradition for high, comfortable old taxis, and, installed inside this beetle, we scurried off in search of a strange pre-dawn rendezvous.

Waiting there at the prearranged street corner in Kensington, in all its massive, mechanical, incongruous glory, was a Greyhound bus, a two-storied behemoth of the type that normally rolls the highways of the USA. It had been brought to Britain, at a cost of some $7,000 in ferrying fees, to promote the pleasures and the possibilities of traveling in the USA. Its entrepreneurs had filled it, with government concurrence, with an assortment of American uniforms, talents, and pretty American faces, all of whom now came sleepily out of their hotel, cheerful all the same, and charged with a collegiate fervor that Americans, in times of peace, seem to bury deep in the national psyche. Among them were two National Park rangers, trim in their green uniforms and broad-brimmed hats, and eager as Boy Scouts in their approach. Behind them came a U.S. Customs inspector in blue uniform with a rash of white thread sewn on the bill of his cap, then two port receptionists from the corps of pretty girls recently installed by the Department of Immigration at U.S. airports and docks. A Texas cowboy and rancher, six-foot-three and 220 pounds, was Texas-sized and Texas-rigged in cowboy boots and Western dress, complete with Stetson that curled properly at the sides.

But that was not all. There were Pan American stewardesses, a beauty queen, and finally that *pièce de* American *résistance,* an American jazz band. A true U.S. commodity, it was led by no less an expert than John Mehegan, who teaches jazz both at Juilliard and at Teacher's College of Columbia University. An integregated combo, the four-piece group included Barry Miles, a fourteen-year-old prodigy on the drums. Barry, who was born in 1947, long after Britain's finest hour, has been wasting no time. He had his own band at the age of ten.

With the bold legend "Visit the USA" emblazoned in red on its flanks, and its strange complement of passengers inside, the big bus began a tortuous drive through the ink of London that was only now awakening. Early risers looked at us rather unbelievingly. By noon, I was sure, the vision of us would seem like something they had dreamed. Lost on them, at that hour at least, were the sales messages on the side—ninety-nine days for $99, the facts of a trim package put together by both Greyhound and the Trailways bus groups in the interests of promoting travel by foreigners to the U.S. With either company, a foreigner buying his ticket abroad and paying the equivalent of $99 is entitled to unlimited travel inside the U.S. for 99 days.

To get to America in the first place, the best the airlines had to offer was a seventeen-day excursion fare which, on the basis of travel between London and New York, is being sold for $350, a saving of $136 over the normal economy class fare. But as the Europeans kept pointing out, why offer a ninety-nine-day bus fare when the airline excursion fare is limited to a seventeen-day trip. Nobody could doubt that they had a point. Hamstrung by international air agreements, an individual airline could do nothing more than seek lower prices elsewhere along the line. Pan American made its move by seeking out low-cost hotels across the country, came up with a tour agreement that would cost $164.54 for fifteen days' travel inside the U.S., a

A Foreign Travelers' Guide to American—II

HABITUES of this neighborhood will recall that in our paper dated September 16 we carried installment number one of this feature, which we presented then, and do now, as a continued public service to those attracted by our government's accelerated program to bring foreign tourists to this country. At the time we invited readers to submit entries, a number of which we reprint below.

French	German	Spanish	American
Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?	was ist das?	¿Qué es esto?	Wazzat?
Attention!	Achtung!	Cuidado!	Wynchawatchet?
		Carolyn Seefeldt, Northville, Michigan	
jambon et oeufs sur le plat	Schinken und Spiegeleier	jamón y huevos fritos	hammen ex
garçon	Kellner	camarero	weydah
il est cinq heures	es ist halb fünf Uhr	las cinco y media	sapast five
		George Hinshaw, Lincoln, Nebraska	
il est trop tôt	Es ist zu früh	es demasiado temprano	stwirly
		Anna Hauschildt, Myrtle Point, Oregon	
Lingerie	Damenunterwäsche	lencerias	Lonjeray
		Herbert Harvey, Spring Valley, N.Y.	
comment allez-vous?	Wie geht's Ihnen	¿como esta usted?	Howyadoin'?
		Elizabeth Stein, Bloomington, Illinois	
Avez-vous votre clef?	Haben Sie ihre Schlüssel?	Tiene-usted su llave?	Gachiky?
		Peter Rouzitsky, Washington, D.C.	
Mesdames Messieurs	Frauen Herren	Señoras Señors	Laze Jemmn
		Philip Savage, Newtonville, Massachusetts	

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cost that would include hotel accommodations for fourteen nights, transportation by Greyhound bus between cities, and sightseeing inside them by Gray Line. A foreign tourist on this arrangement could see New York, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls. With his air fare it would all come to $515.54 plus meals.

The Greyhound had sailed aboard the SS *Para*, a new Cunarder with a hatch so large it had swallowed the Scenicruiser whole. But no one had counted on hurricanes and one autumn storm that caught the *Para* amidships. The bus was five days off schedule when it finally arrived. Nonetheless, the group toured Stratford-on-Avon, London, and Birmingham, and played to 10,000 Britons. Two Pan American stewardesses had taken the British aboard by the busful and given them the fine points of travel in the U.S. Sometimes the English were confused. One lady, perplexed by airline stewardesses conducting a session aboard a tourist bus, wanted to know where the wings go. "This *is* the fuselage, isn't it?" she insisted. Britons asked the National Park rangers why Americans wanted a war so badly. One asked a ranger, "Are you a rich American?" The rangers, both on their first trip to Europe, found the British public judging America by television and movies. "They seem to divide us into two categories, gangsters or millionaires," one ranger reported. Said Ranger Robert R. Sharp, "Many were surprised to find America taking such pains with preserving our trees and forests." "Do you have flowers around your houses?" a lady wanted to know.

The jazz band was held rather strictly in reserve. "We don't want to make this look like a medicine show," a tour manager explained. But even this conservative care was not enough to keep some critical comments out of the British press. A Birmingham newspaper dismissed the traveling bus as a "publicity circus." It was an ironic comment in view of the continuing series of British publicity drives in the States, which began with an extensive cross-country tour of the U.S. by three red double-decker London buses several years ago. The visit of the British buses, an enormous hit, was followed in subsequent years by visits by London "pearlies," British pubkeepers, Scottish highlanders, and a costumed delegation from Wales.

At some British stops the local unions refused to allow our jazz band to play. While these restrictions didn't serve to endear England to the jazzmen, our musicians passed the time by sitting in with British bands in the local caves. This move proved equally disastrous. Said Professor Mehegan, "It takes a first-rate talent to play good jazz. If these musicians played our jazz, like they'd get like washed away. We found them very hostile to us. John Handy, our alto. He's the ultimate. He sat in with them and they tried to cut him up. The audiences dig, but the musicians try to cut up our guys. They're basically unmusical. The music scene in England is so sick it makes me ill to talk about it. Nobody tries to play better Russian folk music than the Russians, so why should they try to imitate us?" For Mehegan the British visit was proving something of a disappointment. "The way I got the story, we were supposed to stop in a town in Europe and somebody with a letter from President Kennedy would present it to the mayor who would come out in his overalls and thank us. Then we'd play a couple of choruses of 'Jes' You, Jes' Me.'"

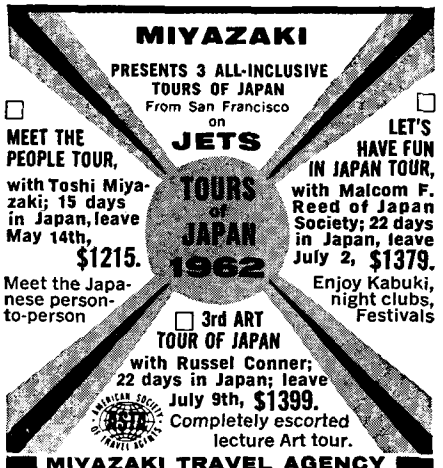
In truth, while there was a young representative aboard the bus from Vice President Johnson's office, the copies of the Presidential proclamations of greeting which he was to present seemed such patent form letters that it was decided not to present them to the protocol-conscious civic authorities of Europe.

Despite these problems and reverses, the sleepy group that was rolling out of London heading for Dover and for France carried many pleasant memories, too. English youngsters were delighted with the National Park rangers, whom they recognized from a television show appearing on British screens. "Hello, Yogi. How is Jellystone Park?" they would ask. In Stratford the rangers were surrounded by hundreds of kids who asked for autographs on their pamphlets and maps of the U.S. Cowboy Jack Maddox found Britons urging him to talk so they could hear more of his Texas drawl. A sixty-year-old English woman in Stratford insisted on having her picture taken with him. As the bus neared Dover, Maddox was ruing the fact that he hadn't brought a rope. "'Can you rope?'" he said. "Thass what they all ask me."

The big bus drove under the white cliffs and the two drivers imported from the New World dropped their British pilot, a driver from an English sightseeing company. The bus was backed into the Channel steamer. On the way over a French flag replaced the English one and the sign that had said "Visit the USA" was changed to another reading "*Visitez les USA.*" The two English stewardesses from Pan American were dropped and two French girls came aboard. Still to come were more flag and sign changes as the bus rolled onward into Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Italy. At Boulogne the sun broke out of a gray day. The gendarmes in their blue *képis* broke out in warm smiles, examined the boots on Cowboy Maddox, eagerly kissed the USA Port Receptionists on both cheeks. As the bus rumbled on to Paris the American voices broke out in loud song. On the Continent, anyway, it looked as if the audiences would dig. —HORACE SUTTON.

IN ADDITION to entries to our Foreign Travelers' Guide to American (see box, page 39), we also received some comments. Guy Marriner of Philadelphia wrote us as follows: "Congratulations! If foreign tourists are to listen to television they might like to know that: 'Beddy hadda tazed fa peanud budda so she drove her Mergury Medea an goddid in Nvawk ciddy.'" From Studio City, Calif., we received this admonition from Charles Lee: "Your 'Foreign Travelers' Guide to American' is picayune, forced, snobbish, un-funny, and altogether a waste of good white space. . . . Your implication is that all Germans speak perfect German, the French perfect French. . . . You want all Americans should talk like Norman Cousins? Goffabid!"

No, fagossakes! —H.S.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FICTION

Of Time and the Teller

"The Undying Past," edited by Orville Prescott *(Doubleday. 623 pp. $7.50),* ***"Monmouth," by Charles Bracelen Flood*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 349 pp. $4.95),* ***"The Game of Kings," by Dorothy Dunnett*** *(Putnam. 543 pp. $5.95), and* ***"God Was Born in Exile," by Vintila Horia,*** *translated by A. Lytton Sells (St. Martins Press. 301 pp. $4.95), represent a number of approaches to the writing of historical fiction. Robert Payne's many books include "The Gold of Troy."*

By Robert Payne

SOMETHING seems to be wrong with our historical sense. A flood of historical novels, renewed each year, testifies to a prevailing level of incompetence. The faculty of being able to look back into time, to see the past as it was in its own light, to clothe the creatures of past ages with verisimilitude, giving them their own shapes and thoughts and colors—all this seems to be lacking in our time. We are introduced to infantile Michelangelos, hothouse Etruscans, boudoir Cleopatras, cockeyed King Arthurs, all totally unbelievable. We are so drenched in perversions of the historical imagination that if anyone should ever write a book that arises out of the pure flame of history, we would be in danger of not recognizing it, or of losing sight of it in the torrential flood.

What seems to be lacking most of all is a sense of the graces, the gestures, the rigors, the slower rhythms of past time. All ages before our own were more spacious, though we believe we have discovered space. Sixty years ago men lived very much as the Romans lived. They were closer to the earth; the seasons moved through them; they learned how to entertain themselves and cultivated the minor pleasures; they lived outwardly and openly, and very few of them suffered from the disease of introspection. The historical novelist must learn from the very beginning to shed the preoccupations of the present time. The past was another dispensation, and men's faces shone by the light of another sun.

These reflections arise from the contemplation of a batch of historical novels and an anthology of historical fiction. Only one of these books was wholly rewarding.

In "The Game of Kings," Dorothy Dunnett falls into all the customary pitfalls. She has a sense of the splendor of Scotland in the sixteenth century, and when she describes the landscape and sets her adventurers wandering and raiding and making love and being bored and kicking up their heels, she is convincing enough. Unhappily, most of the novel is written in the form of prolonged conversations. Lymond, the hero, returns from the wars and service as a galley slave of the French King, and shows his sister-in-law his spoiled hands. She recoils, and he carefully instructs her on the nature of her fears. "It's the air of nasty reality that frightens you," he tells her. "I don't give a damn whether you are frightened or not, but in a month's time you won't be here anyway." People didn't talk like that in 1550. They could not, because the words and the rhythms were never joined together in that way until recently. This is not an isolated example. Throughout those interminable conversations we hear the authentic accents of modern speech with the archaisms dropped in at contrived intervals. It is all a great pity, for Miss Dunnett has an eye for detail and her characters are alive until they open their mouths.

Mr. Flood's faults are of another kind altogether. More than two hundred years have passed. We are in New Jersey in 1778. The Continental Army has broken out of Valley Forge and is fighting the British in the low hills above Monmouth Court House. The confused battle is described in quick flashes, the camera picking out the relevant detail. Washington damns Lee, Alexander Hamilton blazes with fury, Lafayette offers a brief opinion, and three Hessian Jaegers snipe at the Americans. It is all briefly stated, a little too briefly; and one rather wishes the Jaeger did not mutter "Ach, so!" as he brought his rifle into position.

Here is a typical passage, describing the British grenadiers advancing against General Anthony Wayne's gunners:

> General Wayne swallowed. His cannon were roaring, blasting away through the hedge, firing grapeshot. Holes were being ripped in the British line, opening great sunlit spaces of wheat in the middle of the ranks.

Orville Prescott—mixed package

Charles Bracelen Flood—facts

Dorothy Dunnett—detail

Vintila Horia—magic

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"Steady, boys!" Wayne shouted. "Hold it, and then pick out the King birds!" The advancing line was almost on top of the hedgerow.

"Paaaoooli!" The cry rang down the line and then the volley came like one great cannon.

"They're going back!" an aide cried. "The grenadiers are falling back!"

Wayne swallowed again. "They'll be back," he said out of a tight throat. He spurred along the hedge. "Once more, boys," he cried to the men, "hold 'em once more and they'll never come again this day!"

It simply won't do. It doesn't tell us what happened. There is no sky, no color, no foreground or background. Wayne swallows and there is a gap in the wheat and we are made dimly aware that the British have not broken their ranks, and that is all. The details we want to know, the ones that will catch fire in our minds, are absent. The obvious things are there, but there is no setting for them. Stephen Crane would have made it sing, and Tolstoy would have given you the taste and smell of the battlefield.

Mr. Flood writes well in a kind of telegraphese, but his women are more convincing than his men. Charity Avery, the Philadelphia spy, is credible, perhaps because she is largely imaginary. Mr. Flood spent a good deal of time in the Frederick Lewis Allen Memorial Room in the New York Public Library studying the historical sources, but to little purpose. He seems to be jogging your arm and saying: "There's the facts, that's what happened, I looked it up!" How one wishes he had thrown his notes away.

Here, for comparison, is a passage from Thomas Wolfe's account of the fighting at Chickamauga:

They mowed us down with canister and grape until the very grass was soakin' with our blood, but we kept comin' on. We must have charged a dozen times that day—I was in four of 'em myself. We fought back and forth across that wood until there wasn't a piece of hit as big as the palm of your hand we hadn't fought on. We busted through their right at two-thirty in the afternoon and got way over past the Widder Glenn's where Rosey had his quarters, and beat 'em back until we got the whole way cross the Lafayette Road and took possession of the road. And then they drove us out again. And we kept comin' on, and both sides were still at hit after darkness fell.

Thomas Wolfe, who never fought in a war, is here describing a battle in an utterly convincing way. There are almost no physical details, no raising of the voice, no attempt to bludgeon us into seeing what he wanted us to see. Everything is right – the rush, the rhythm, the tone of inescapable honesty.

I found this passage in Orville Prescott's anthology of historical fiction called "The Undying Past," and was duly grateful. Yet it is a very odd collection indeed, formidable in its massive weight, but curiously unsatisfactory. He has put many first-rate things in, but the comfortable and the silly are given equal place. Anatole France's "The Procurator of Judaea" pops up again. There is Hope Muntz's description of the Battle of Hastings in a ferocious spate of archaisms. There are two sizable chapters from Merezhkowski's worst novel, and none from his best. But, though one can quarrel with half the book, the other half remains unassailable. The great things are here—Tolstoy's Borodino, H.F.M. Prescott's Anne Boleyn, Graves's Claudius, Sigrid Undset's Black Death, and Joseph Conrad's Retreat of the Grand Army. It is good to have these things collected together, but it would have been a better book with less dross.

I have left the best to the last. This is the recently published "God Was Born in Exile," by Vintila Horia, beautifully translated from the French by Lytton Sells. It is a study of the declining years of the Roman poet Ovid, exiled to the shores of the Black Sea. We see Ovid as he must have been—a slow, troubled, sensuous, passionate man, confused and lonely and without much bitterness, surrendering to his few remaining pleasures, dreaming of an impossible return to Rome and the past favors of the Emperor. His weapons are the familiar ones—cunning, subterfuge, quiet desperation. A world is coming to an end, but Ovid is determined to shore up the ruins. From a drunken Greek doctor he learns of the birth of a Messiah in an obscure village of Judaea, and his thoughts constantly return to the coming of the Child who will shatter the iron ring of empire. It is a tribute to Mr. Horia's extraordinary skill that he makes the doctor's recital of his journey to Bethlehem completely credible.

"God Was Born in Exile" gives the historical imagination full rein. Mr. Horia has built a whole world round the portrait of Ovid. There is magic in it—he brings the dead to life. The snow falls on the forum of a long-forgotten town near the shores of the Black Sea, and through the snow we see the vivid faces of these long-dead tribespeople, while towering above them is the haunted, ravaged face of Ovid, as hopeful and despairing as a man of our time.

One can only pray that this beautiful book will not soon be forgotten.

Who Murdered the Boss?

By David Pasner

Cassandra: "'Tis Agamemnon's doom thou shalt behold."
the Agamemnon

BEHIND the arras
A god may wait
To plan the fate
Of a homing hero.
A wife can hide
Behind the arras
Of a just grief,
Her lover slide
From side to side,
Dressing his love
To gild his sleeve
Behind the arras.

Behind the arras
The parlour maid
Listens in secret
To plans of murder.
Gold in her pocket
Has sealed her lips.
What else betrayed
The man at arms?
Wind dogs his steps,
Gathers the clouds
Into a storm
Behind the arras.

Behind the arras
The lover listens.
Darkness hastens
The echoing traveller
Up treacherous stairs.
His shadow appears
Like a ghost before
His soldiered flesh
Is cast through the door.
Now its dearest wish
Cannot be saved
From pride or gold
Or an old love
Behind the arras.

The gods have highed
Like tired men.
The wife has died
In the glory of sin.
The lover shall be
What he has been,
And the housemaid giggle
Behind the arras.
As for the son,
There is always one
Behind the arras.

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That's Why the Lady's Loquacious

"Society is punished."

"Little Me: The Intimate Memoirs of that Great Star of Stage, Screen and Television Belle Poitrine, as told to Patrick Dennis" *(Dutton. 272 pp. $5.95), is a celebrity's confession to end all confessions, lavishly illustrated with star-studded photographs. Haskel Frankel is a close observer of the contemporary American scene.*

By Haskel Frankel

IN EVERY age but this one Society has punished the lady who ceased to be a lady. It is only in this strange time that the lady who strays is rewarded while Society is punished. Her reward—and Society's punishment—is one of those "as told to" books, in which the modern Hester Prynne, loose of both tongue and morals, can lick her chops over her bare-knuckles struggle with drugs, alcohol, or any other handy form of degradation.

It is fervently to be hoped that "Little Me" will mark the beginning of the end of this era of public breast-beating. According to the title page these are "The Intimate Memoirs of that Great Star of Stage, Screen and Television Belle Poitrine, as told to Patrick Dennis." Said memoirs begin in 1900 with Belle's birth in Venezuela, Illinois, where momma worked in "a sort of gentlemen's hotel and social club near the depot," and wind up in the year 1960 in Cyclops, Connecticut, with Belle a grandmother and "frankly forty." In between, she romps through a state-run "boarding school"; burlesque; a string of marriages, including one that took her into the British peerage; motion pictures; motherhood; a murder trial; bankruptcy; the theatre, television; alcoholism, and a mystic moment entitled "I Find God in Southampton." In short, Patrick Dennis has kneaded every celebrity autobiography into one big, soul-searing emetic.

Obviously, the book should be outrageously funny. By and large, it is not. Parody is a one-joke technique; it reveals the ridiculousness of an original through imitation. Had Mr. Dennis held his parody to short-story length he would have had an unqualified success. In book length, one joke is not enough. Long before Belle has told all, the joke has lost its punch. I found myself forgetting that I was reading a spoof at about the same time that I stopped laughing. Belle became as real as any of her predecessors who chose the book instead of the couch for catharsis.

Perhaps the basic flaw lies in Mr. Dennis's selection of material to parody. The original rags-to-riches, booze-to-beatification texts that inspired "Little Me" are so incredible as to become their own parodies. No one can blame Mr. Dennis for having at them, but in the long run it is probably impossible to parody a parody.

The text is illustrated by 150 photographs taken by Cris Alexander. Obviously, Mr. Alexander and his star-studded cast—Dody Goodman, Kaye Ballard, Alice Pearce, and Patrick Dennis were some I could recognize—have had themselves a high old time recreating Belle's life. The pictures do with the delicacy of a stiletto what the text eventually does with the weight of a steamroller, proving for all time, if proof is still needed, that one picture is worth a thousand words. Multiply this cliché by 150 and you should come out just about right.

TO DEFINE TRUE MADNESS: The soap-opera cry of despair uttered *a cappella* by the patients and staff of the private mental hospital in Lucy Daniels's new novel, **"High on a Hill"** McGraw-Hill, $4.95), is a cry of unwarranted pessimism. Miss Daniels, who published her first novel five years ago at the age of twenty-two, apparently was so anxious to be another voice of doom that she overlooked the fact that private mental institutions, with their highly selective admission policies and the use of chemotherapy, now accomplish fairly rapid cures or ameliorations in a majority of cases.

Holly Springs Hospital, nicknamed "The Hill," is located an hour from New York City. In spite of its elegance and high rating, it is, after all, a mental hospital, and certain sections of the building reek with "the stale pungent odor of incontinence." Unfortunately, so do many parts of the book, for the author has shown little quantitative restraint: there are more than a dozen "plots" and more than seventy-five inmates, relatives, and staff members cluttering up the quagmire of "The Hill." No stereotype is neglected. Individual disturbances include various complexes and obsessions, dipsomania, anorexia, anxiety hysteria, senility, nymphomania, narcissism, religious fanaticism, schizophrenia, paranoia, and

—Illustrations from "Little Me."

"... one big, soul-searing emetic."

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manic-depressive psychosis. However, Miss Daniels does not indicate the gulfs between maladjustment, neurosis, and psychosis. All the characters are simply stuck together in the tragic topography of their "hill," with little hope of permanent escape.

Despite the publisher's claim to the contrary, the novel is a portfolio of case histories, loosely bound together by the analytical observations of Dr. David Holliday, director of the hospital. Sadly, these observations are not always clinical, for he, along with other members of his staff, is no stunning example of normality. Although he understands unconscious motivations and concomitant emotions causing certain behavior patterns, after more than twenty-five years in psychiatry he still hides his "thoughts, his anger, his sadness, even sometimes his gentleness behind a good-natured bluff of obtuseness." He is disturbed by his failure with certain patients, by fears of physical collapse and vegetation in old age, and by his inability to bring happiness to his wife, Mary Laine, an empty, immature woman who wants only to move to the city and be part of the social vacuum that is "society."

There is scant evidence of original thought or poetic feeling to break up the pattern of psychiatric sampling that is the substance of this book. It seems plausible that the cries of despair uttered by Miss Daniels's characters may be echoed by many of her readers.

—JOAN BOSTWICK.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 954

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 954 will be found in the next issue.

QB GLC ADKG DBDAFKQK
DNQAQGF QK MTHHTBAF
ETPBO GT MTBKQKG
HDQBAF QB D LQRL
OCRZCC TE KTACHBQGF.
DHNZTKC NQCZMC.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 953

Whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one and frost out of the other.

—ADDISON.

PERSONAL HISTORY

A Moderate Eccentric

"Robert John Walker: A Politician from Jackson to Lincoln," by James P. Shenton *(Columbia University Press. 216 pp. $6), investigates the life of a picturesque but nearly forgotten figure from America's past. Dr. Margaret L. Coit, biographer of John Calhoun and Bernard Baruch, is assistant professor of history at Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

By Margaret L. Coit

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Robert John Walker—". . . loved the Union more than slavery."

THIS SCHOLARLY study of Robert J. Walker, a fiery little "whiffet of a man" of "vivid energy," might well have been subtitled "a politician all the way." As a fire-eating Senator from Mississippi, the Pennsylvania-born Walker launched his career by challenging Henry Clay to a duel. He climaxed it some thirty years later as he soared over London in a balloon, pelting the astonished citizenry with pamphlets in denunciation of Jefferson Davis. Between times, he served unofficially as Congressional representative of the Republic of Texas, President-maker and Presidential peacemaker, and officially as Congressman, President Polk's Secretary of the Treasury, and the luckless Governor of "Bleeding Kansas."

Chameleon-like, he took on the coloring of his times. He was a would-be duelist, an aspiring railroad tycoon, a wildcat speculator, a white-supremacy racist, who longed to see the "inferior" blacks funneled out of the South through Texas into Mexico for eventual absorption; and an expansionist who looked to the ultimate union of the "Anglo-Saxons" of Canada, the United States, and even of England, in fulfillment of their "manifest destiny" to conquer and to rule. He was a slavery champion and a slaveholder who, in the end, loved the Union more than slavery.

Although long dismissed as a "footnote to history"—an estimate ably disproved by Professor Swinton's careful research—Walker has been a tantalizing challenge to biographers. The late Emil Hurja, to whom this book is dedicated, collected much of the original source material, of which there is only a small amount available. Professor Swinton ferreted out more, and spent long months and years of research among the papers of Walker's contemporaries. He deserves credit for having resurrected a nearly forgotten figure of our history, even if he has not quite succeeded in putting flesh on the dry bones.

The most illuminating section of the book is Swinton's masterly analysis of the machinations by which Walker outmaneuvered the Old Magician, Martin Van Buren, throwing the Democratic nomination and election of 1844 to the hitherto unknown James M. Polk, whose triumphs and errors the professor discusses in thoughtful detail. He gives us a good picture of that tragic legalist, James Buchanan. But somehow, despite Swinton's lucid prose, Walker himself never really comes alive. This may be due to the scarcity of material available, although we get teasing glimpses, on the one hand of Walker's "sins of the flesh" and on the other of his very real capacity to love and inspire the love of his family. His wife was the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, but this is about all that we learn of her.

What Professor Swinton fails to resolve is a fundamental paradox. By present-day standards, Walker would be dismissed as emotionally unstable. His chronic "fierce indignation," for instance, may have been more the result of biology than conviction: his father was a six-footer and he stood five feet two. Yet, in an era when North and South were slipping blindly towards chaos and war, Robert Walker somehow kept his head. He had opposed

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Van Buren, for example, not out of spite, but because he was convinced that the Little Magician was not a "winner." He held the reasonable—or completely unreasonable—belief that American food surpluses should be used to feed the starving people of the world.

He underestimated the moral indignation of the abolitionists, but he did penetrate to the basic selfishness of the Free Soil movement. He realized that the tide of time was moving against slavery, and for him the choice was clear—the Union. His personal tragedy took place in the strife-ridden territory of Kansas, where he struggled hopelessly to be fair to both sides, each so convinced of its own righteousness that it could see no fairness in any point of view but its own. He was a moderate and a logician, and he illustrated the fallacies of logic and the dangers of moderation.

He was also a picturesque eccentric of the kind the frontier has chronically produced, and it might well be that the paradox of Robert Walker could be resolved in terms of the flashy, slave-ridden, money-mad early Mississippi where his talents first flowered. If, as is stated in the book's foreword, Walker is the product of his background, then his portrait should be painted against that background. This Professor Swinton has not done, despite his keen political and historical insights.

Many minor figures have inspired major biographies. Professor Swinton has laid the groundwork, but the final word on this colorful man, who was neither Northern nor Southern but American, is yet to be written.

Giving the Duce His Due

"Mussolini: The Wild Adventure That Was His Life," by Laura Fermi *(Chicago. 459 pp. $5.95), recalls a fantastic leader and an incredible chapter of world history. Fillmore Calhoun served as a foreign correspondent in Italy during the period when the dictator's power was at its zenith.*

By Fillmore Calhoun

READING this account of the life of Benito Mussolini is like walking back through a nightmare. How could such a pompous incompetent gain total power in Italy and hold it for twenty years? Were the Italians that sick, or was the whole world crazy?

Laura Fermi's study of the Mussolini phenomenon gives some valuable clues to these and other haunting questions. The widow of the atom-smashing, Nobel prize-winning physicist has done her homework well. She has sifted through what Mussolini wrote about himself as well as what others—who either hated or admired him—have written about him. It is a confusing mélange of polemics and memoirs, out of which Mrs. Fermi manages to get a firm hold on Mussolini's personality and on the years of turmoil and treachery in which he lived. *Il Duce* becomes understandable, but this does not make him any more attractive.

To give the Duce his due, the low-born son of a Socialist blacksmith and a village schoolteacher had a magnetic appeal. He was a great actor, a "take-charge guy" at a time when others were drifting about helplessly, and, as Mrs. Fermi notes, he "could always find the chord that touched the hearts of the humble." This and the dream he stole from D'Annunzio of restoring Rome to its ancient glory account for some of his appeal. Otherwise he was a pretty nasty piece of work and the damage he inflicted on his people is incalculable.

Those who knew Mussolini in his early political years contend that he was not a true Socialist, although he had been reared on his father's Socialist doctrines and was a professional Socialist agitator. He knew little of Marx, but was a fervent admirer of Louis Auguste Blanqui, the revolutionist (1805-81) who masterminded the Paris Commune. He also admired Max Stirner's glorification of the individual ego, and the theories of the uses of violence advanced by Georges Sorel. On top of this he absorbed Nietzsche's hatred of the masses and the Nietzschean nonsense about the "superman." Small wonder that with all this, plus vituperative atheism and a complete lack of scruples, Mussolini acted as he did.

The turning point from Socialism to what later became known as Fascism came during World War I after Mussolini had contrived to get himself elected editor of the Socialist newspaper *Avanti!*, which opposed Italy's entering the war. He sold out the Socialists and, with funds that presumably came from Italian industrialists and the French government, started *Il Popolo d'Italia*. This he used as a springboard to power in the postwar years when the Socialists were smashed and the big money rolled in to Mussolini's coffers.

The book's account of the origins of Fascism and the so-called "March on Rome" reveal the ineptitude of everyone but Mussolini, and he himself, given to moments of black depression and indecision, often seems more like a rabbit than the lion he professed to be. But he did put on a good show.

The Ethiopian war, grandiose in con-

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Mussolini—". . . a great actor; 'a take-charge guy.'"

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sept, was a military catastrophe, for it left the Italian armed forces greatly weakened when World War II rolled around. Yet Mussolini leaped in at the side of Hitler, plunged "the dagger into the back of his neighbor," and from then on had to rely on Hitler to save his skin. And Hitler did it, time after time. This is one of the strange things that until now has usually been badly reported. The two madmen did try to lord it over each other and they were forever doublecrossing each other, but they still kept a friendship of sorts. When both men faced disaster, Hitler sent a message to Mussolini—from his bunker in Berlin—urging Il Duce not to give up the fight; together they would still conquer the world.

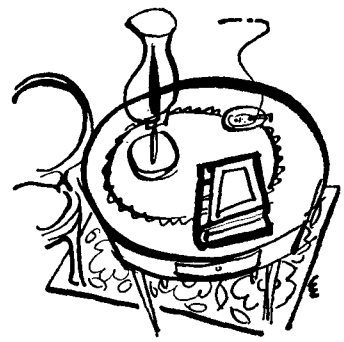
The world that their deaths left behind them was in many ways as chaotic—particularly in Italy—as after World War I. The pattern could have repeated itself, but it didn't. "The people had learned their lesson," Mrs. Fermi concludes. "They had a purpose now . . . to rebuild what fascism had destroyed, to wipe out the memory of the dictator and cleanse themselves of his sins. Industriously, with determination and zeal, they set to the task—and succeeded."

Poetry

Continued from page 27

most important creators of modern verse drama, and a long and admirable introduction by Hamburger, somewhat oblique perhaps for the general reader, which argues effectively that Hofmannsthal's moral and social conservatism is to be discerned in almost the earliest of his works. The German text is that of the standard Steiner edition; it has been somewhat carelessly proofread. There are brief—too brief—biographical and critical notes.

The poems, some of the best of which were written when Hofmannsthal was still in his teens, are works of astonishing beauty. Reflective and mature in substance, masterly in their control of form, syntax, and sound, they seem the work of ripe as well as rare genius. How have we gotten along so many years without knowing the *"Terzinen über Vergänglichkeit"* and *"Zum Gedächtnis des Schauspielers Mitterwurzer"*? The early verse plays have generally been set down as closet dramas, but for three at least this seems on reading to be the judgment of a tame and conformist theatre. *"Der Kaiser und die Hexe," "Das Bergwerk zu Falun,"* and *"Die Hochzeit der Sobeide"* are not just the steps by which an exquisite lyricist became the dramatist of *"Der Rosenkavalier"* and *"Die Frau ohne Schatten"*; they are themselves tight, intense, and poignant plays. And they are written in music, like this speech of the subterranean faery queen in *"Das Bergwerk zu Falun"*:



Hör mich, Lieber.
Ich darf dich noch nicht halten. Ich kann dir
Noch nicht gehören. Deine Sinne sind
Mit Sehnsucht vollgesogen noch nach denen
Da droben.

Listen, my love.
I may not keep you yet, nor can be yours,
Because your senses are still steeped in longing
For those above.

Small wonder that Strauss was drawn to Hofmannsthal or that an operatic setting of *"Das Bergwerk"* by Rudolf Wagner-Regeny has just been performed at Salzburg. Perhaps all of Hofmannsthal's dramas will live to be sung.

Meanwhile, how is he to be read? This edition provides verse translations on facing pages, about two-thirds of them by the editor. Although they do not always attempt line-for-line correspondence, they are remarkably faithful. They are literate and ingenious. But where, one groans, is the poetry? Disappeared, from one page to the next. Replaced by soggy metrical prose, labored rhymes, inverted syntax, and sad little bits of threadbare poetic diction. Why not an honest pony, one asks, like those that got us all through Cicero? Literal, even word-for-word, with grammatical commentary? And then one finds the playlet *"Idylle"* made by Stephen Spender into a rich and moving English poem, meticulously accurate but recognizably Spender; a lyric by Vernon Watkins, and two plays by Christopher Middleton, and the defeatist mood passes. The translation of poetry into poetry is *not* an impossible task, but it is one that only poets ought to undertake.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR RULED THIS LAND"

Each of the American writers listed below was born during the Administration of one of the Presidents listed in Column Three. Column Two scrambles the writers' birth dates. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to put the right people together. Answers on page 61.

1. Henry Adams	( )	1794	( )	John Adams
2. George Ade	( )	1799	( )	James Buchanan
3. Bronson Alcott	( )	1803	( )	Grover Cleveland
4. Stephen Vincent Benét	( )	1811	( )	Calvin Coolidge
5. Ambrose Bierce	( )	1819	( )	Millard Fillmore
6. William Cullen Bryant	( )	1835	( )	Rutherford B. Hayes
7. Erskine Caldwell	( )	1838	( )	Ulysses S. Grant
8. Truman Capote	( )	1842	( )	Andrew Jackson
9. Samuel L. Clemens	( )	1852	( )	Thomas Jefferson
10. Norman Corwin	( )	1860	( )	Andrew Johnson
11. Ralph Waldo Emerson	( )	1862	( )	Abraham Lincoln
12. Jack London	( )	1866	( )	James Madison
13. Edwin Markham	( )	1876	( )	William McKinley
14. Arthur Miller	( )	1878	( )	James Monroe
15. Eugene O'Neill	( )	1888	( )	Theodore Roosevelt
16. William Sydney Porter	( )	1898	( )	William Howard Taft
17. Upton Sinclair	( )	1903	( )	John Tyler
18. Harriet Beecher Stowe	( )	1910	( )	Martin Van Buren
19. Walt Whitman	( )	1915	( )	George Washington
20. Owen Wister	( )	1925	( )	Woodrow Wilson

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Book of the Week

Continued from page 22

behind the Kaiser and Hitler are again in control. "It is surprising that Great Britain and the United States seem to have no suspicions; in both countries the fear of Russia [paranoid thinking] has eliminated the fear of a new powerful Germany which could turn against the West just as well as against the East." (Shades of the Hitler-Stalin deal of 1939!)

In the light of this analysis, the first essential for negotiation on Berlin is to assuage the fears of both sides—cast-iron guarantees for no invasion of East into West and vice versa. Negotiation might begin with the West reducing the threat to Russia of an armed Germany in exchange for a guarantee that West Berlin remain a free city. Beyond this lies the whole problem of removing the powder kegs from Central Europe by means of some kind of demilitarized zone. Fromm sees no other course than to begin negotiation on the recognition of the *status quo*.

He not only accepts a neutral bloc of states around the world, but believes we should actively promote neutralism. We should abandon the attempt to line up countries for "our side." The real choice in the Hungry World, he says, is not "capitalism" or "communism"; the choice is what variety of socialism the underlying population will accept. India has one variety, Yugoslavia another, Egypt a third, and so on.

Finally, our author, anchored firmly in the principles of the nuclear age, advocates universal, complete, and controlled disarmament. "Arms control," which proposes in effect a policy of permanent deterrence, is a variety of armament, not disarmament. It may indeed call for an expanded overkill. Permanent deterrence would make Doomsday the more probable as new nations, led by China, acquire nuclear weapons. Instead of having only Russia to watch, the U.S. would have a dozen nations, in all directions, with the danger of accident steadily increasing.

Even if this rickety balance of terror staves off war for a time, "the most pervasive reality in any man's life is the poised missile, the humming data processor connected to it, the waiting radiation counters and seismographs, the over-all technocratic perfection of the mechanism of holocaust."

Disarm or Doomsday is the choice before us. Erich Fromm has written a book of hard and bitter realism. The impractical dreamers are those who think that civilization can survive all-out war in the nuclear age.

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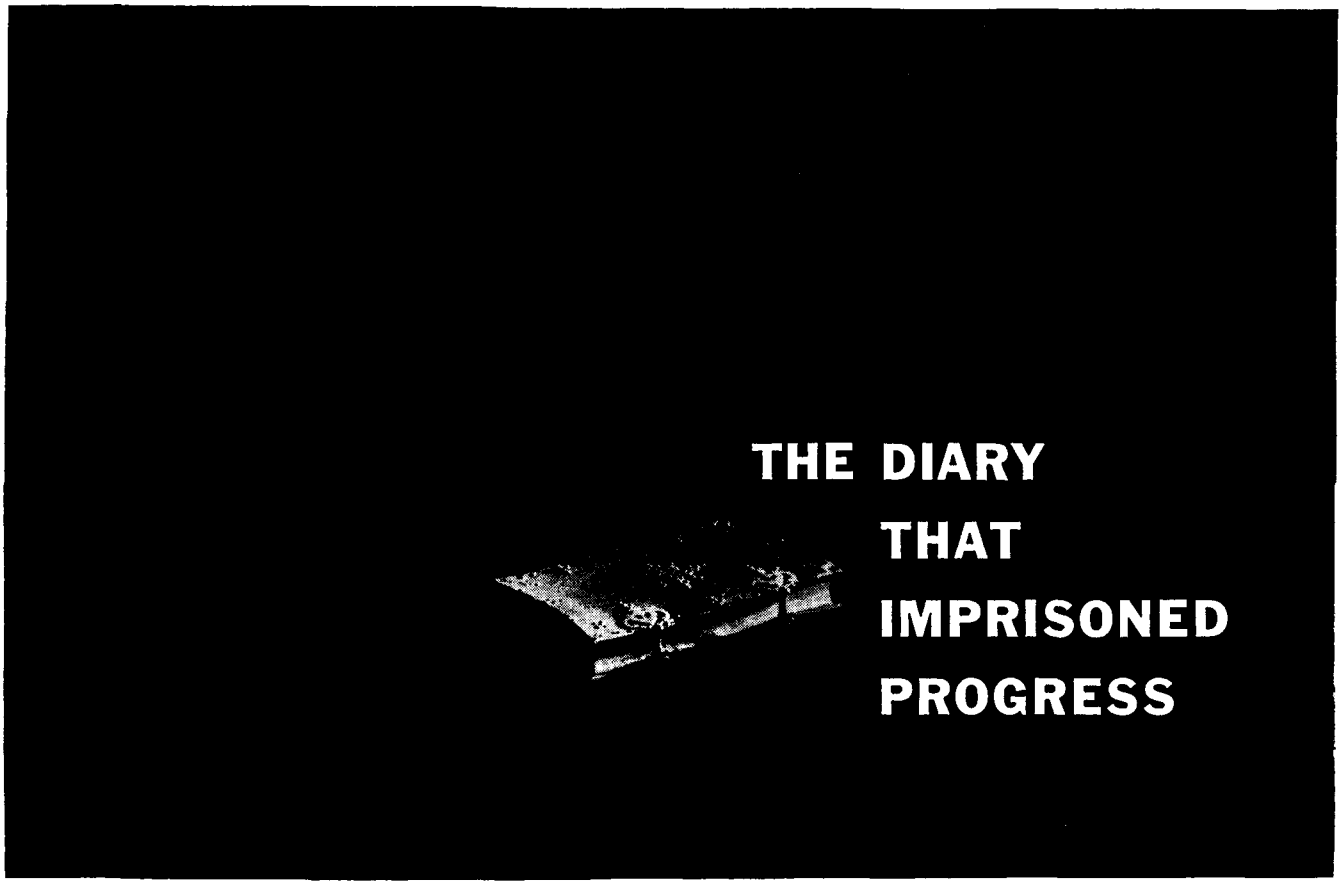

Nearly two centuries ago, Karl Gauss, "Prince of Mathematicians," kept a diary which was destined to become one of the most significant documents in the history of mathematics.

In his diary Gauss jotted down the results of elaborate calculations that had led him to fundamental discoveries in mathematics. But he never published these discoveries, and many of them remained undisclosed during his lifetime.

It wasn't until almost 50 years after Gauss's death that his diary was found and published. Much time and talent, meanwhile, had been spent in duplicating Gauss's efforts. Mathematical progress had been needlessly slowed.

In contrast, today's scientists and engineers are alert to the importance of sharing their findings through publication. In fact, the number of definitive papers published in a scientific or technological field has become a sure sign of the creative effort in that field.

Bell Laboratories scientists and engineers publish more than 800 papers a year, reporting new observations and new thinking in the arts and sciences that serve communications. They have also authored more than 50 technical books, many of which have become standard works of reference. The steady stream of new information that comes out of Bell Laboratories again reflects the scope and depth of the creativity that works to improve Bell System communications.

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SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • The Research Frontier • Letter from Stanford • Personality Portrait LXVIII • Science in Books • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: How the Sky Drove the Land from the Bottom of the Sea

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

MORE ON THE EXPORT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

NOT since SR's series of reports on abuses in the marketing of drugs began appearing in this space in January 1959 has SR's Science Editor enjoyed such enthusiastic response from his readers as came after last month's report on export of the American revolution. That the thoughtful people of the country really want peace to prevail, and that they are eager to make some personal contribution to that end, is once again unmistakably affirmed. Readers ask how they can help push the new Agency for International Development along. Individual scientists and research groups offer ideas which they say need only a hearing in a strategically placed ear.

For most of the questions, there are not yet clear or satisfactory answers. Fowler Hamilton, the new AID chief, has been in office only a few weeks as these words go to press. He has not yet chosen a science-statesman to guide AID's Office of Development Research and Assistance in its task [as defined in the 1961 Act of International Development] of conducting "programs of research into, and evaluation of, the process of economic development in less developed friendly countries and areas, into the factors affecting the relative success and costs of development activities, and into the means, techniques, and such other aspects of development assistance as he [the President of the United States] may determine, in order to render such assistance of increasing value and benefit."

Far from being discouraged by the momentary delay, veterans in the battle for intelligent resolution of international differences (as opposed to violent suppression of controversy) are pleased by the quality of Mr. Hamilton's deliberateness. They note that he has conferred at length with President John F. Kennedy's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Professor Jerome B. Wiesner, and with members of the President's Science Advisory Committee panel responsible for the original recommendation that ODRA be created within AID.

By the time this issue of SR reaches its readers, Mr. Hamilton presumably will have received from a group headed by California Institute of Technology geologist Dr. Frank Press a report concerned with the need for designating a Science Adviser for the top echelon of AID management. According to word now circulating within the scientific community, the report will favor such an appointment and will offer the names of men of outstanding repute as candidates.

While Mr. Hamilton was cautiously feeling his way into his new obligations, a White House group centered on Michael Michaelis was accelerating plans for American participation in a United Nations Conference on Science for Developing Countries at Geneva in August 1962.

Not everyone was pleased by the continuing surge of activity in this direction. Discerning men with provincial political positions to protect were beginning to ask how far the infiltration of scientific method could be expected to proceed. Consider, for instance, the accepted laboratory practice of modifying theories to meet realities exposed by experiment. Suppose it should be applied to American relations with the Russians?

In recent years the theory behind these relations has been that by establishing and maintaining military alliances which encircled Russian territory, we could contain the spread of Russian socialistic ideas. Many people have thought that such encirclement might even encourage revolt in Russia's satellite states. But this theory has not worked out very well in practice. A scientist, following his traditional bent, would say the theory needed to be revised. Revision might logically affect the American attitude toward Berlin and the representation of Communist China in the UN. This is a disturbing line of thought. Scientists must deal with intellectual disturbances of this kind regularly in the course of their work. Is American foreign policy going to become *that* scientific?

Another ingrained characteristic of the scientist is a preference for exact terminology. To the greatest extent possible, he uses mathematics to express his ideas because the language of numbers is the most precise language man has yet invented. Where numbers and symbols do not suffice, special words are frequently invented to cover special situations. These words become an established part of the scientist's vocabulary to the point where he injects them into the English of his everyday communication with non-scientists. Then they sound like jargon.

BY the traditional rules of science, it would not be correct to say that America fears Russia because of Communism. For the Yugoslavs are also Communist and we deal with them on a fairly friendly footing. If we adopted the scientific rules for language, what word would we choose to explain our antagonism for Russia? This antagonism in many Americans nears the region of hate. Do we want to say that we hate the Russians merely because they are Russian? Is hate enough? This, too, is a disturbing line of thought. But it shows clearly where the scientific method could take us.

Some other, less disturbing, directions are pointed out in the three pages that follow this one ► ► ►

—John Lear,
Science Editor

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Battelle

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Toward sources of power that the poorer peoples of the earth can afford. There are possibilities in every passing wind, in every waterfall. There is power in the cones of volcanoes, and in the hot springs that spout geysers. But the cheapest source of all is the sun, and many scientists in many nations are at work on practical ways and means of harnessing solar energy.

***One of the unusual ideas discussed at the United Nations Conference on** New Sources of Energy in Rome during the ten days of August 21-31, 1961 originated at Battelle Memorial Institute of Columbus, Ohio. The Battelle Memorial Institute was founded in 1929 on an endowment given by the family of Gordon Battelle. It does research on a non-profit basis for industry and government in all the disciplines of physical science and, recently, in some of the social sci-*

BY JAMES A. EIBLING
Battelle Memorial Institute

ENGINES run by sunlight are not new. A variety of interesting models have been built in the past. Most of these have been merely adaptations of fuel-fired engines to use solar radiation. The method common to their operation includes several steps. First the sunlight is captured by some sort of mirror arrangement and concentrated on a relatively small surface, which is painted black to absorb as much radiation as possible. On the back of the absorbing surface is a maze of tubing filled with a fluid such as sulphur dioxide. The fluid carries off the accumulated heat, puts the heat to work in conventional fashion, and then flows back to the solar radiator in a cooled state under compression. Thereupon the heating cycle begins anew and is repeated over and over.

Not all solar engines are of this old-fashioned type. A few experiments have been made with engines designed particularly for sunlight. An example is the work of Dr. M. L. Ghai, of India, who traps the light directly on the metal top of his machine. Although Ghai's achievements are encouraging, he is having trouble with heat loss and is not yet ready with a practical device.

My presentation here will describe another approach to the design of an engine intended specifically to make the most efficient use of solar energy. A small working model of a single cylinder version of this engine has operated successfully for more than 300 hours, producing about fifteen watts of power during that period. A schematic of this model is reproduced at the top of the page opposite as an aid to understanding of the engine's method of operation.

The idea for this engine resulted from studies by Dr. Farrington Daniels and Dr. Theodor Finkelstein in 1960 at the University of Wisconsin. The first model was built at Battelle Institute in May 1961 under the guidance of Dr. Finkelstein, who is now conducting a broad study of regenerative-type engines at Battelle.

The basic concept of this engine is to trap concentrated solar radiation directly within the engine. As can be seen from the schematic, the top of the cylinder head is transparent to allow the sunlight to enter. The space inside the cylinder is filled with ordinary air. Suspended in the cylinder is a hollow bullet-shaped piston (marked regenerator on the schematic) which rides up and down on top of a thin metal rod. Within the hollow piston is stainless steel wool, held in place by a perforated metal plate at the piston's bottom.

The sunlight passes through the transparent cylinder head and strikes the top of the regenerator piston, which, like the cylinder head, is dome shaped. The top of this piston is made of a fine screen of stainless steel, blackened to absorb as much of the energy of the solar spectrum as possible. As the sunlight hits the absorber, the absorber heats up and passes the heat to the air around it. The air expands under the pressure generated by the heat, and drives the working piston down. The working piston turns the crankshaft to perform whatever task may be at hand: the pumping of water, perhaps.

As the crankshaft turns, it raises the rod on which the regenerator piston rides. This action brings the absorber again into close proximity to the cylinder head window through which the sunlight enters. Again the absorber transfers the heat from the light to the fixed volume of air confined within the cylinder, and again the air expands and drives the working piston down.

In expanding, the air in the cylinder cools. The upward stroke of the working piston squeezes this cool air back up through the regenerator piston. On its way through the steel wool, the cooled air picks up some of the heat it transferred to the wool on the way down. This regenerative action of the steel wool lessens the amount of solar energy required to initiate the next downward stroke of the working piston. In other words, the regenerator piston acts as a sort of thermal flywheel to keep the engine running steadily.

SEVERAL important advantages can be cited for this type of engine:

1)—It operates on the Stirling cycle, which has the highest possible theoretical efficiency.

2)—Since heat is not transferred across the walls of the cylinder, the temperature of the working gas is not limited by the creep strength of the material of the wall. Thus, a high heat source temperature and consequently a high thermal efficiency can be assumed.

3)—Because no secondary fluid is used, no secondary heat exchanger, with its attendant heat losses and added weight and complexity, is necessary.

4)—The transparent cylinder head serves as an effective solar heat trap.

5)—The moving parts consist only of the working piston, the regenerator piston, and the crank mechanism.

6)—The engine can be made to operate whisper quiet and virtually free of vibration.

Because the model was built only a short time ago to demonstrate the basic principle of the engine, there has been little opportunity to optimize the design or to obtain experimental data on the performance. Dr. Finkelstein is now engaged in a basic study of the parameters. Ultimately, optimization will be defined in terms of lowest power cost. However, it is wise to proceed initially on the premise that maximum over-all performance is the prime criterion.

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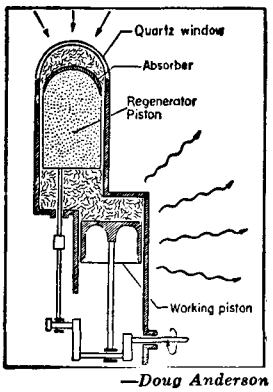
ences as well. The group director of its thermal systems research is Dr. James A. Eibling, and it was he who demonstrated a small model of Battelle's unique solar engine at the Rome conference.

A native of Marion, Ohio, Dr. Eibling was graduated from Ohio State and was affiliated with the B. F. Goodrich laboratories (and with the U.S. Engineers during World War II) before joining the Battelle staff in 1946. He insists that major credit for design of the new solar engine be given to Dr. Farrington Daniels of the University of Wisconsin, and to Dr. Theodor Finkelstein, who came to Battelle from Wisconsin and helped build the first model of the engine in Columbus last summer.

The report below is an updated and expanded version of a paper Dr. Eibling read in Rome, where the original created considerable excitement.



—Doug Anderson

Among the items to be considered in optimizing for maximum performance are the geometry and specular and thermal characteristics of the components that serve to trap the solar radiation and transfer the heat to the working gas.

The absorber deserves special consideration because, possibly more than any other component, it will determine the ultimate efficiency of the engine. The absorber has the important function of absorbing the solar radiation and of transferring the heat to the working gas. Also, being located at the warm end of the regenerator, it must allow the working gas to pass to and from the hot gas space. In the performance of these functions, the absorber should have:

a)—High absorption of solar radiation.

b)—Low emission in the infrared wave lengths.

c)—Thermal properties conducive to maximum transfer of heat to the working gas.

d)—A porosity that minimizes resistance to gas flow.

e)—Long life in a high temperature environment.

The fine mesh stainless steel screen type of absorber used in our model engine has a fairly favorable ratio of absorption to emission of infrared. The stability of this material should be reasonably good. In the 300 hours of operation of the engine, no noticeable deterioration of the screen has been observed. However, better absorber materials undoubtedly will be developed through further reasearch.

Possibilities for improvement can also be seen in the transparent cylinder head. It must contain temperatures on the order of 1000 degrees Fahrenheit. Quartz is strong enough to perform this function, and the glass window in our model is therefore made of quartz. The quartz does give us a greenhouse effect in containing infrared emanating from the hot absorber. However, some of the incoming sunlight is reflected back into space by the quartz, some of the energy in the light that enters is absorbed by the quartz, and some of the energy that passes through the quartz is reflected out again to the atmosphere. Further study may show that we should mount another glass dome above the quartz dome, and evacuate the space between. The upper glass would then remain cold, and would reduce the losses in energy which now occur.

WE at Battelle see two major uses for this new solar engine. One is to power extra-terrestrial space vehicles. The other is to provide a cheap, sturdy, simple source of power for under developed countries. From the human point of view, the latter is of the greater immediate importance, and I shall consider our new engine in that context next.

One of the most important objectives in assisting people of underdeveloped countries is to "help them help themselves." To be effective, this aid must be given at a level of technology that will not overwhelm them. A complicated engine with many parts to be replaced or repaired is not practical where mechanics are few. Nor is it reasonable to expect a fuel-fired engine to be of much benefit in a locality where fuel for the engine is either scarce or expensive. The advantages of our solar engine in such settings are obvious. The engine runs wherever the sun shines, and the engine is so simple as to require little attention.

THE largest demand for power in rural areas of the world today falls within the size range of engines between one-quarter horsepower and five horsepower.

The pilot model of our new engine uses light from a sunlamp in order to permit indoor operation. The amount of sunlight required to keep it going can be focussed onto the transparent cylinder head by a mirror about three feet in diameter. The cylinder head in the model is only one and a half inches in diameter. The piston containing the regenerator is three and a half inches long. The piston rod moves through a distance of one inch. The whole engine is about a foot high, and weighs several pounds.

It is a long way from the fifteen watts in power produced by our model to the one-fourth horsepower at which practical uses for the engine in underdeveloped countries would begin. But research now in progress at Battelle leads us to believe that we can jump the gap successfully.

We think our single-cylinder model can be scaled up from a cylinder head diameter of one and a half inches to a diameter of perhaps six inches.

The model runs at a pressure near atmospheric pressure. Very little of the confined air which serves as the working gas ever escapes from the engine, and that small loss is immediately compensated by an equal amount of air entering from outside. This is an ideal state of affairs for an engine that must be set down in isolated places in South America, Africa and Asia to be run by native peoples having little or no experience with modern machinery.

The model as it stands rejects waste heat through the outer wall of the engine to the surrounding atmosphere. This, too, is fine for the kind of usage we have been discussing.

For applications in space vehicles outside earth's atmosphere, the engine would have to be pressurized, and the working air inside the engine would be replaced by hydrogen or helium for greater efficiency.

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LETTER FROM STANFORD

ON *STATES*MANSHIP

MOST of the nations—new and old—in the underdeveloped world are embarked on the adventure of development. They need help: money, expert manpower, sympathetic understanding, and the opportunity for sustained contact with institutions in the advanced nations to which they can turn for help across the whole spectrum of development problems.

By policy and action, the United States is committed to these nations. We help in a variety of ways to provide some of the tools needed in the development process. We have devised institutions and techniques which we use in giving this aid. But it is generally agreed that the mechanisms need improvement and broadening, and that there is need for the invention of new techniques.

We raise the question whether governments and institutions at the state level within the United States offer a potential which has been previously overlooked. Many institutions of our society at the state and local levels are actively involved in the development process both locally and abroad. Research organizations, colleges and universities, private firms, and towns and cities have, in one way or another, been enlisted. The state institutional framework as such, however, has not been tapped as a basis for development assistance overseas, although in many ways it appears to be one of the most logical structures.

In Africa, for instance, there are many new nations. Most of them have areas, populations, and economies which, from the standpoint of size, if nothing else, bear far closer relationship to states within the United States than they do to the United States as a whole. Like some individual states, their economies are relatively simple, depending on only a few crops, resources or industries. Their road systems are only beginning to take form; their communications complexes are embryonic. They are struggling to make their school systems into an instrument of progress. These are all problems in which our states and communities have had direct experience on a scale which is meaningful to the new countries—and their experience covers a great many other fields as well.

In virtually all of the underdeveloped countries, the problems match the problems of state governments more closely than they do those of the Federal Government. Thus we suggest that logical twin relationships might be formed between the government of an underdeveloped nation and a state government in the United States to provide contact and help on a sustained and continuing basis. Such relationships might be financed in part by Federal grants to the states, with perhaps some public and private contributions from within the states themselves. State-to-foreign arrangements would provide an umbrella under which a network of further relationships could be established. For instance, cooperative arrangements could be worked out between colleges and universities involving the exchange of persons and the teaching of languages. United States newspapers and radio stations in the relevant states could cover activities in the cooperating areas abroad. As relationships developed, it might be possible to involve private manufacturers and financing institutions as well, in a manner that would go beyond their ordinary business arrangements, while not inhibiting those of firms from other states. The important thing would be to involve people and institutions, on both sides, in a set of relationships that are tangible, meaningful, compelling.

It is important to consider the possible impact of such relationships on the recipient countries. Let us draw our example from Africa. Our problems with the new African nations are well known. We are feared. They find us big, impersonal, and sometimes overpowering. Their attitudes—a matter of vital importance to the United States—are frequently uncertain, ambivalent, defiant. But suppose that a new African nation, let us say Senegal, for example, could form a special relationship with one state, perhaps Nebraska. And suppose, over a two or three year period, that as a result of aid activities, Senegal's progress became a matter of quite personal concern to the people of the State of Nebraska. The result might well be warm feelings for Nebraska and by implication, for the entire United States. The other side of the coin, of course, is that a deeper involvement of Nebraska and other states in the overseas development process could contribute to an increased understanding and appreciation at home of United States aid programs, and indeed of foreign problems generally.

NEBRASKA could send a mission of experts to Senegal. Its university could undertake a program of cooperation with theirs. Eventually, perhaps, its companies might be interested in Senegal's industrial development, at least to the point of helping in practical training programs and in corresponding with particular businesses in Senegal to suggest how problems could be approached. The State Development Commission could set up an exchange of ideas and experience on how to attract, encourage and support industry (perhaps learning something in the process). Communities in Nebraska could "adopt" communities in Senegal, and take a special interest in their problems, their people, their progress. This kind of cooperation could extend across the whole spectrum of development needs, involving all kinds of institutions.

This is intended to be no more than the germ of an idea, but we think it is worth further development. We believe the concept of "each one teach one" is applicable in a broader framework than merely literacy education at the personal level. Obviously there are problems. The technique of state-nation relationships would probably not work in certain cases, but we think that it might be successful in others. Questions of Federal-State relations within the United States would have to be worked out. The matching of states with recipient countries would also need to be carefully structured. And there may be other problems which have not occurred to the writers.

It is time for new approaches in our relations with the world.

—WILLIAM B. DALE
AND DAVID C. FULTON

Editor's Note: At the time the above suggestion was written, both its authors were members of the staff of the Stanford Research Institute in California. Since then Mr. Dale has been appointed director of the Bureau of International Programs, U.S. Department of Commerce.

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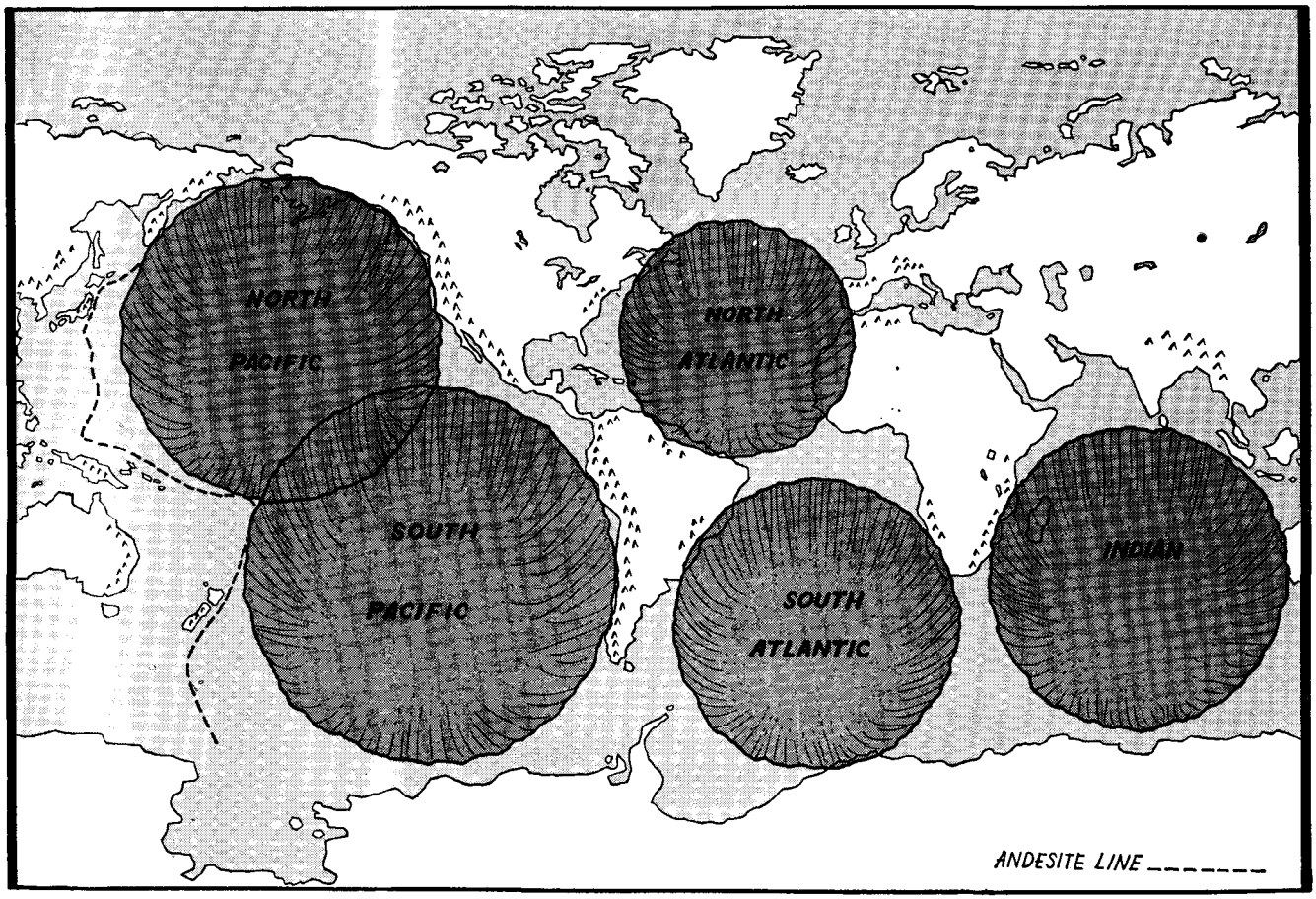

—Map by Doug Anderson, following author's sketch

HOW THE SKY DROVE THE LAND FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

A New Theory of the Earth's Evolution

By JOHN J. GILVARRY

THE origin of the ocean basins and the continents of earth is one of the oldest mysteries in the mind of man. It has been a subject of wonder for ages. Yet no one has ever found a wholly convincing explanation.

In modern times, three hypotheses have become classical.

One is that the gravitational pull of the sun caused a bulge in the earth, and that the bulge raced around the earth continually as the planet turned, and that finally a great chunk tore loose from the earth and drifted into space to become our moon; the scar left in the earth became the Pacific Ocean, and the filling of its depths redistributed the water everywhere on earth.

Another theory is that all the land on earth originally was in one piece; with the passing of time this continent broke up as an ice floe does.

The third theory (really a set of theories with minor variations) assumes that in the beginning the earth was like a mass of hot jelly, churning beneath a thin cover of water in response to hot convection currents; the constant churning gradually produced a scum, which floated to the top and solidified into land.

All these hypotheses were put together before geophysicists discovered the most characteristic feature of an ocean basin about a decade ago. The way was opened for establishment of this identifying mark in 1910, when the now famous Yugoslavian scientist, Andrija Mohorovicic, analysed earthquake waves and from them deduced a sharp change from light to heavy rock under the continents at a depth of roughly twenty miles. Later, as accurate seismological observations were extended to the open oceans, it was determined that this discontinuity lay on the average only about three miles below the seafloors. Since the average depth of the oceans is only about six miles, it is clear that the Mohorovicic discontinuity turns sharply upward in passing seaward under the edge of a continent.

There are other features of ocean basins which a reasonable theory of the origin of oceans should explain.

One is the relative absence in their floors of the lighter crustal rocks that form the bulk of the continents.

Another is that the relative dimensions of an ocean are fixed. On the average, the depth is roughly one thousandth part of the diameter.

A third well known feature of the terrestrial oceans is peculiar to the Pacific. Running down the western margin of the Pacific, roughly east and west to the north of Australia, is a discontinuity in rock type, called *the andesite line*. On the side of this line away

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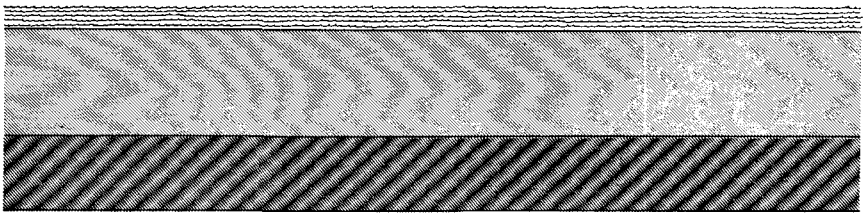
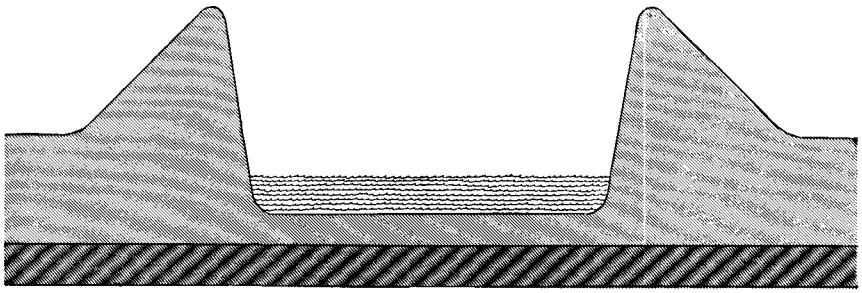
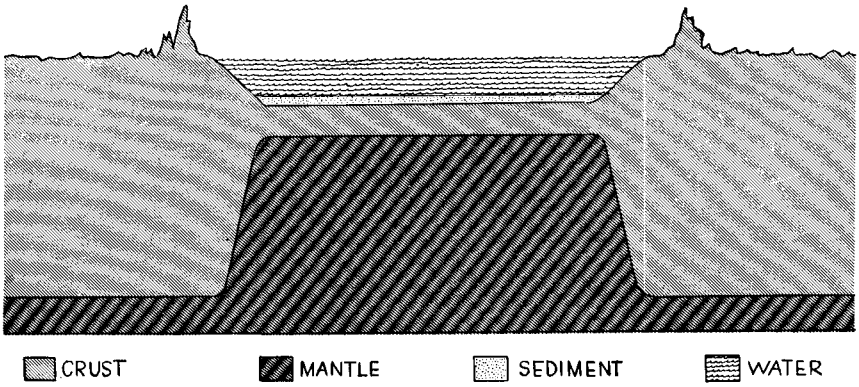


As the surface of the planet was in the beginning.



Then the meteorite struck, digging out a huge basin.



--Drawings by Doug Anderson, following author's sketches

How the earth's surface returned to balance afterwards.

from the ocean, the rocks tend to be continental in type. If an east-west line coinciding approximately with *the andesite line* north of Australia is prolonged to the coast of South America, the Pacific can be divided geologically into two major basins, the South Pacific and the North Pacific.

A similar natural division of the Atlantic into the North Atlantic and the South Atlantic can be made by a line joining South America and Africa at their closest points, roughly between Cape Sao Roque and Cape Palmas.

These divisions give the earth five oceans: the South Pacific, the North Pacific, the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic and the Indian, each possessing a roughly circular outline (see cover and map on page 53.) The circular form is more obvious on a globe.

At the seaward limit of the continental shelf, the demarkation of each ocean basin is a precipitous escarpment.

A further feature common to all the oceans should be noted: The floors of the oceans lie below the mean level of the mass of the land.

Now let us suppose that the earth was formed in the same fashion that most astronomers think stars and galaxies still are being formed—by accretion of cosmic debris.

In sweeping up the stuff around its whirling and gradually solidifying body. the planet would sometimes pull in masses larger than it could digest. These masses would strike the earth with explosive force and disintegrate, leaving gaping holes in their wake.

THIS, I suggest, is how the terrestrial ocean basins really were formed. It should be emphasized that the hypothesized meteorite impacts occurred in the youth of the planet. They took place far back in the Pre-Cambrian era, which lasted about four billion years before the Cambrian period when geological history starts with the fossil record.

The sequence of events in formation of an ocean basin can be reconstructed as follows. Originally, the Mohorovicic discontinuity and the surface of the land mass above it were equidistant around earth's spherical shell. Water covered the land to a uniform depth everywhere. One computes this depth at roughly two miles; otherwise, for reasons that will be explained later, the effects would be quite different. In colliding with the earth the meteorite created a giant circular crater. The crater floor was depressed far below the level of the land mass, and the crater rim rose to heights about twice that of the highest point (Mount Everest) on the earth today. This process stripped the lighter surface rock from the interior of the basin and piled it up on the margin to form the rim.

Thus, one feature of an ocean basin, the relative lack of light rock in its floor, is immediately explained.

AT the time of the collision, the Mohorovicic discontinuity was level under the crater floor and rim. However, the transfer of vast quantities of crustal rock from the crater depths to the rim created a geological situation which no longer could remain in balance. Because of the increased weight, the roots of the rim sank, depressing the Mohorovicic discontinuity. Relieved of the burden of rock above, the crater floor and the discontinuity below it rose simultaneously, thrust upward by the pressure below. The process ceased when equilibrium was restored between the adjacent weights, leaving the crater floor at roughly the present depth of an ocean and the top of the rim at roughly the present level of the land.

Thus, the disparity of level of the Mohorovicic discontinuity under oceans and continents enters the theory as an integral part.

This balancing process (scientists call it isostatic readjustment) is precisely that which must be invoked to explain the structure of the Vredefort Ring in the Orange Free State of South Africa. Seventy-five miles in diameter, this ring is the largest meteoritic crater now recognized on the earth's surface. Perhaps several dozen smaller craters or clusters are scattered elsewhere, probably the best known of these being Barringer (or Meteor) Crater in Arizona, a gaping hole three-quarters of a mile across (see photo, p. 55).

To a distant observer on the ground, Barringer Crater looks like one of the buttes of the Southwest. On approach, however, one notes that the ground slopes gradually upward to the top of the rim, where fragmented rock and huge boulders are strewn. But beyond the rim, the ground slopes downward in a precipitous declivity into the pit of the crater.

In larger meteoritic craters, the inner slope approaches a sheer cliff; to an observer on the brink, the view is that of a vast circular amphitheater be-

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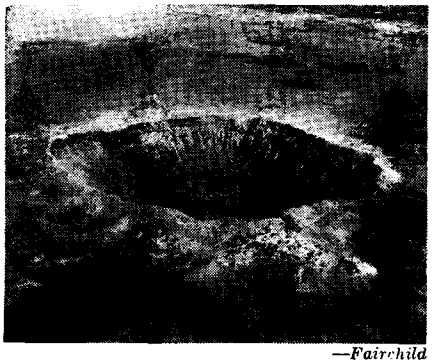
low. Invariably, the true bottom of the pit lies below the level of the surrounding terrain, although sediments, a lake, or vegetation may obscure this fact superficially. This circumstance alone rules out an explanation of these features as volcanic craters, which generally show the reverse condition.

For a century, the genesis of the meteoritic craters was a matter of controversy among geologists, who were loath to accept an extraterrestrial origin. The Arizona crater, for example, was first brought to attention in 1891, but conclusive evidence of its origin was not provided until 1932 by D. M. Barringer; similar proof for the Oesel Island cluster in the Baltic Sea (first noted in 1827) was not forthcoming until 1937.

Unequivocal demonstration of meteoritic origin of a crater depends on elimination of possible geological processes as a cause, and the discovery of meteoritic material (usually iron or nickel) in association with the crater. Most of the craters that have been so identified appear in arid regions, where erosion and sedimentation are slow. Complicating factors enter the problem of identification of meteorite craters which are both large and old. The geological forces of isostasy may operate to bring into equilibrium the disturbance in the earth's crust produced by the crater. This and the concomitant processes of erosion and sedimentation may destroy the crater as such. Only a circular ring of upturned rock in otherwise undisturbed strata may be left as the scar of the former crater, as is true of Vredefort.

The diagnostic criteria used in determining whether such scars were left by meteoric explosion (as opposed to volcanic eruption) are the presence of coesite and shatter cones in the rock formation. Coesite is a form of silica (the main constituent of common sand) which can be created only under high pressure; it was discovered in laboratory experiments similar to those which manufacture artificial diamonds. Shatter cones are conical fragments of rock with striations on the surface radiating from the apex. Laboratory experiments indicate that the pressures required to produce coesite and shatter cones are too high to be generated in a volcano.



—*Fairchild*

Barringer crater in Arizona.

It must be appreciated that a meteoritic crater is not formed by simple percussion of the impinging body, like the splash of a stone in mud. The bodies forming the craters are sufficiently large that they suffer only slight loss of speed and mass in traversing earth's atmosphere. Further, the velocities involved are so high (above seven miles a second) that the energy of motion exceeds the explosive energy of an equal mass of a chemical explosive like TNT. When the meteorite strikes, shock waves are initiated which race back into the meteorite and ahead into the ground. Behind the shock waves, the material of the meteorite and the subjacent ground is transformed into a hot dense gas at extreme temperature and pressure, far above what any solid material can withstand. The subsequent explosive expansion of this gas produces the crater. For this reason, meteoritic craters are circular, independently of the angle of fall of the meteorite.

UP to this point, I have shown that the following characteristics of ocean basins can be explained by hypothesizing that the basins were formed by large meteorites crashing into the earth during the planet's early history:

(1) The floors of the oceans are lower than the mean height of the land.

(2) The floors of the oceans contain very little of the light crustal rock that makes up most of the continents.

(3) The Mohorovicic discontinuity is closer to the floors of the oceans than to the bottom of earth's crust under the continents.

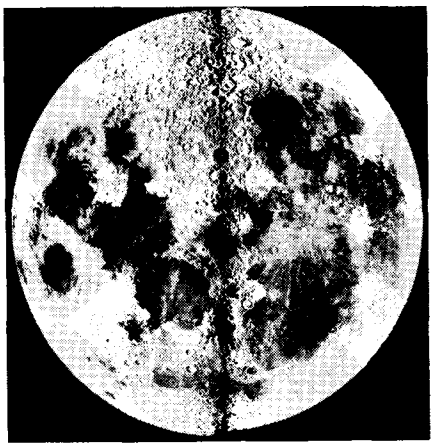
(4) The ocean basins are circular.

(5) The walls of the ocean basins are precipitous escarpments.

It now remains for me to show that the relative dimensions of the oceans—diameter roughly a thousand times depth—are the dimensions expectable for meteorite craters exploded under the conditions I have postulated for the early days of the earth's existence.

The decisive point to remember here is the stipulation that water covered the whole earth in those days to a depth of two miles. That depth is my only refinement of an ancient conception. At least as far back as the time when the first verses of the Book of Genesis were written, men believed that in the beginning the earth was blanketed in water.

This part of my thesis really begins with the craters on the moon. There are 30,000 of these visible on the lunar hemisphere facing earth. Their origin has been a matter of speculation and controversy ever since Galileo first saw them through his telescope in 1610.



—*Composite Photo*

The moon: *Mare Imbrium* lower right.

For several hundreds of years the prevalent view was that the craters were volcano cones. But in 1893 the geologist G. K. Gilbert demonstrated that this view was untenable, since the shape of a lunar crater does not conform to the shape of a terrestrial volcano.

Gilbert proposed instead that the craters on the moon were dug by meteorites. Obviously, no direct evidence has been observed for the meteoritic iron and nickel, the coesite and the shatter cones which must be present if Gilbert's hypothesis is right. However, the argument can be strengthened by comparing the dimensions of lunar craters to explosively formed craters on earth. L. J. Spencer, of the British Museum, took the first step towards such a comparison in 1933. He found that the depth of a terrestrial meteoritic crater is roughly one fifth of the crater's diameter, and that the same is true for craters formed by military mines and high explosive shells. The argument was put in more sophisticated form by R. B. Baldwin in 1949. He considered the dimensions of craters formed by artillery shells and bombs at low energy and by accidental chemical explosions at high energy. For those craters he was able to construct a curve (diameter plotted against depth) which rose smoothly into the corresponding curve for lunar craters. On the line between these two types of craters—one earthly and one lunar—he found that the relative dimensions of terrestrial meteoritic craters fitted exactly, like a bridge. The whole curve then displayed a continuous progression through the three types of craters (see graph, page 56). Along this curve, the depth varies smoothly from one fifth of the diameter for the small craters to about one twentieth for the largest lunar craters.

Although Baldwin's correlation is rather convincing, it neglects entirely the most conspicuous features of the moon's surface: the dark areas apparent to the eye. The earliest lunar observers gave such a dark formation the

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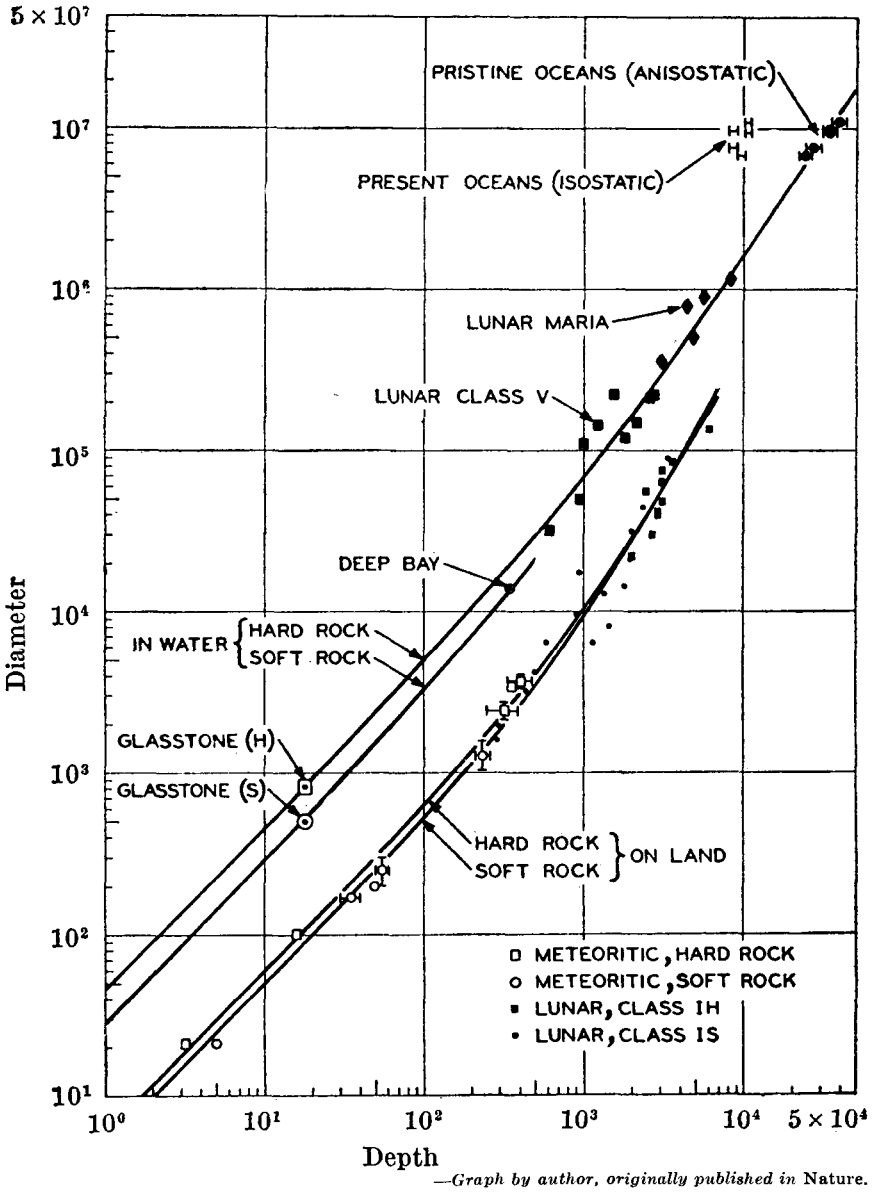
Latin name *mare*, on the presumption that it was a sea.

The *maria* can be divided into two broad classes. One class shows irregular borders. The other class is characterized by a nearly circular outline and the presence of an encircling ring of mountains, with an escarpment on the inner wall and a gradual slope on the outer face. The floor lies below the level of the surrounding highlands. Therefore, a circular *mare* shows the main features of a meteorite crater. The archetype of the class is *Maria Imbrium*, which is about 700 miles in diameter and is ringed by mountains towering to four miles (see photo, p. 55).

Since the circular *maria* show the essential characteristics of a lunar crater, one must regard them as created by impact of a meteroite, although they are considerably larger than the average. However, some peculiarity must have been present in their mode of formation. In the first place, their depth as compared to their diameter is far below the usual, since the former is only about one two-hundredth of the latter.

THE first clue to a physical factor capable of modifying sharply the relative dimensions of an explosion crater was provided by the thermonuclear explosion Mike in Operation Ivy, conducted by the Atomic Energy Commission in 1952. The explosion took place on Elugelab, a small isle in the chain ringing the lagoon of Eniwetok Atoll in the Marshall Islands. According to the press of the time, Elugelab was completely blasted away to leave a crater in the water, one mile in diameter and 175 feet deep. On the basis of the Baldwin curve, the depth for a crater of that diameter should have been about 900 feet if the blast had occured on dry land. The difference in depth obviously was due to the presence of water of appreciable depth in the lagoon of Eniwetok. Since the time of the Mike shot, detailed data on the cratering effect of nuclear bombs in water have been released by the Atomic Energy Commission; these data confirm that explosively formed craters created under water are shallower than craters formed on land.

Presence of water on the moon, then, could have affected the relative dimensions of craters on the moon. However, in invoking water or an atmosphere on the moon, one is faced with an apparent impasse. The molecules of every gas move at a high speed, determined by the temperature and increasing with it. In the upper layers of the atmosphere of a body like the earth, the temperature is far above that at ground level. As a consequence, some gas molecules at these heights may reach velocities ex-



—*Graph by author, originally published in* Nature.

Above is mathematical evidence of kinship of explosively formed craters on earth and on the moon. Dimensions are given in meters. In writing out numbers for calculation, add to the numeral one whatever number of zeros is indicated by the power given.

ceeding the escape velocity fixed by the gravitational attraction of the parent body—the velocity a rocket must attain to escape. For this reason, every planet tends to lose its atmosphere with time, but only for a small body with a relatively low escape velocity is the effect pronounced. Computations of the time of escape of atmospheric gases were first carried out by Sir James Jeans, and yielded the result that none of the lighter gases such as water vapor, nitrogen, or oxygen could have been retained for appreciable periods by the moon, because of the moon's relatively small mass.

But the computation of Jeans was based on a tacit but determinative assumption. In the particular and important case of water, his procedure neglected the fact that loss of water vapor from an atmosphere can be replenished by evaporation from oceans. Because of the enormous number of molecules of water in the terrestrial oceans as compared to the number of molecules of any kind in the atmosphere, the crux of the problem is to estimate reliably the extent of any oceans which once may have existed.

During the past few decades, it has become increasingly clear that the terrestrial atmosphere and oceans are not residual from primordial antecedents present at the time of the earth's genesis. Rather, both the atmosphere and the oceans are of secondary origin, formed by exudation from the surface of the underlying earth. Granted this premise, one must assume that any oceans on the moon were formed by leakage from its interior, analogously to the case of the earth. The total amounts of water exuded by the moon and earth can be expected to be simply proportional to the masses of the parent

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bodies. In this manner, one finds an average depth of about one mile for the lunar oceans before their dissipation. The time required for escape turns out to be roughly three billion years, two-thirds of the earth's lifetime.

With the presence of water on the moon established for a significant time, one is in a position to explain the relative dimensions of the circular lunar *maria*. These *maria* are simply the oldest and largest of the lunar craters, formed in an epoch when the lunar oceans were of appreciable depth. The presence of the water resulted in the shallow depth compared to the diameter observed.

From data for craters produced by nuclear explosions in water, one can construct a curve of diameter plotted against depth, which shows a smooth progression from the craters formed by the nuclear explosions into the craters corresponding to the circular *maria*. The depth varies smoothly along this curve from about one fiftieth of the diameter for the craters from nuclear bombs to roughly one two-hundredth for the *maria*. This curve for craters in water is precisely analogous to Baldwin's curve for craters on land.

As was noted before, the link in Baldwin's curve between explosion craters on the earth and lunar craters is provided by the terrestrial meteoritic craters. A similar link exists in the case of the curve constructed for craters formed by nuclear bombs in water on earth and by the craters of the lunar *maria*. This link is a crater produced by the impact of a meteorite in water—Deep Bay, a nearly circular appendage of Reindeer Lake in Saskatchewan, Canada, roughly nine miles across. The Deep Bay crater most likely was formed in water because Reindeer Lake occupies the site of an extinct lake that was considerably larger in Pleistocene times.

On the theory discussed here, the dark material in the lunar *maria* represents sediments deposited from the lunar oceans in the course of their dissipation. The sediments are concentrated in the bottoms of the *maria* simply because these are the lowest regions, where the last oceanic water pocketed. On these considerations, a large part of the erosion evident for the lowland regions of the moon must have taken place under water. A significant amount may have been done by the silt carried by turbidity currents, which are known to play an important role in cutting submarine canyons on the earth. It is clear that the moon's surface has not always been the dead wasteland that we see now—it passed through a youth as turbulent as that of the surface of the earth.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXVIII

J. J. GILVARRY

An Autobiography

—Allis-Chalmers

THE following is my biography:

J. J. Gilvarry
Born: July 15, 1917
Manchester, England
Came to U.S. November, 1924
Schools: College of the City of New York, 1939, B.S.
Princeton University, M.A., Ph.D., 1943
Positions: 1) Naval Ordnance Laboratory (Washington, D.C.) 1943-1946
2) North American Aviation, (Los Angeles, California) 1946-1949
3) Rand Corporation, Santa Monica, California, 1949-1956
4) Allis-Chalmers Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1956-1961
5) General Dynamics Corp., Convair Division, San Diego 12, California, 1961—
Entered science: In college.

—J. J. GILVARRY.

Editor's Note: Only a very modest man would insist upon compressing the story of his life into the space above. To take the true measure of the author of the accompanying article, readers should know at least this much more about Dr. Gilvarry's record as an astrophysicist: He worked on the Manhattan Project (atom bomb) at Princeton. On the human side, it ought to be said further that the circularity of the oceans first became apparent to Dr. Gilvarry in a lighted globe advertising Schlitz beer in a Milwaukee tavern. —J.L.

The dark color of the sedimentary deposits in the bottoms of the *maria* remains to be explained. Since only a small amount of organic carbon in a sediment is sufficient to yield a dark rock, I have postulated that a primitive form of life once existed in the lunar oceans. All the requirements for the origin of life were once met on the moon, in view of the existence for an extended time of an atmosphere and oceans. Their presence would reduce the large range of temperature observed at present between lunar day and night. In fact, at the time in question, the mean surface temperatures of the moon and earth must have been about the same. The time scale available is distinctly favorable to the possibility of life. The oldest known fossil plant is an alga discovered in rocks whose age measured by radioactivity indicates that life began on the earth within about two billion years of its origin. This figure is a billion years less than the time of escape calculated for lunar oceans. Thus, one can speculate that life originated on the moon through the same evolutionary processes required to explain life on the earth. The initial steps were the formation of fairly complex organic molecules through the action of solar ultra-violet radiation and lightning discharges on atmospheric gases, as reproduced in the laboratory to some extent.

A positive clue exists that there once was life in the lunar oceans. As the oceans dissipated, the dark coloration in the basins of the circular *maria* tended to recede from the bases of the encircling mountains, as is evident in the pattern of light and dark color in the *mare* basins. It is characteristic of living matter to follow the retreat of its habitat in this manner.

The inferred presence of organic carbon in the *maria* and adjacent

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craters explains in a natural way observations made a few years ago by Nikolai A. Kozyrev of the Crimean Astrophysical Observatory in Russia. With his telescope trained on the lunar crater Alphonsus, Kozyrev noted a sudden mission of reddish light. Spectograms taken at the same time showed the presence of spectral bands of carbon. He interpreted the light as coming from a volcanic eruption, and the spectral emission as arising from effluent gases. However, the observations can be explained in a manner consistent with the observed lack of volcanic features on the moon. Through some quirk of chance, Kozyrev observed the aftermath of an event which is now rare on the moon—the fall of a relatively large meteorite. The impact produced high temperatures to yield the observed light, and the spectral bands came from the vaporization of lunar carbon.

BEING as close together in space as they are, the moon and the earth undoubtedly experience approximately the same frequency of meteoritic visitations, and have done so for a very long period of time. Just as hits by large meteorites are now rare on the moon, so are they rare on the earth. The reason is plain: cosmic debris nearer the earth-moon system has grown progressively smaller in size as the bigger stuff has been swept out. The lunar *maria* are relics of a much earlier time; they are comparable in age to the ocean basins of earth, which are the largest meteoritic craters ever formed on the earth.

If my theory is correct, however, the relative dimensions of the earth's ocean basins will fall on the mathematical curve that fits under-water nuclear explosion craters on earth and the *maria* on the moon. The dimensions of the *maria* can be taken as they are today because it is believed that the moon consists of rocks that are not plastic and hence that the mooon is not subject to isostatic readjustment of its surface. But there are many evidences that the earth's crust is plastic, and that shifts occur in it continually. Therefore, before attempting to fit the oceanic dimensions to the established curve for explosively formed underwater craters, it is necessary to determine what the depth of the ocean was immediately after the meteories struck, before isostatic adjustment occured.

The standard geophysical measurement of a continent's depth is a column consisting of thirty-three kilometers of crustal rock (density 2.84) overlaying the Mohorovicic discontinuity and mantle rock (density 3.27) beneath that level. The corresponding ocean column consists of five kilometers of sea water (density 1.03) overlaying one kilometer of sediments (density 2.30) that have washed down from the continents on to four and a half kilometers of crustal rock (density 2.84) and then, below the Mohorovicic discontinuity, the rock of the mantle (density 3.27).

These two columns must be in balance. By multiplying the number of kilometers of a given density by that density and adding the results, we see that a balance is achieved at a depth of thirty-three kilometers, which is the depth of the Mohorovicic discontinuity under the continents.

IF the Mohorovicic discontinuity was equidistant from the earth's surface at the time the meteorites formed the pristine ocean basins, it must have been somewhere between its present level under the oceans and its present level under the continents. Keeping in mind that the total area of the deep ocean is now about twice the area of the remainder of the earth, and putting back on the floors of the oceants the rocks of the continents that were originally there, we can compute how far out of balance the earth's surface must have been thrown by the explosive creation of the ocean basins when the meteorites hit. The pristine position of the Mohorovicic discontinuity works out to a height of fifteen kilometers above the discontinuity's present level under the continents. When a corresponding compensation is made in the depths of the present day oceans, the figures fall (as can be seen on the graph on page 56) on the desired curve.

Thus, the theory of ocean basin origin here outlined is the only theory capable of yielding correctly the relative dimensions of an ocean basin.

The primordial continents were simply structures corresponding to the rims of the craters. At the time of their formation, the rims were mountains of lunar type, lying in circular arcs, and extending back from the crater lip about half the width of a continent. Over the vast span of time since then, the crests of these eminences have been eroded away. The present mountains of the earth are of a different class—the folded type, uplifted by horizontal compression and generally lying in straight ranges. However, every continent shows the presence of shields of crystalline igneous and metamorphic rock of Pre-Cambrian age, forming the nuclei of the continents. The continental shields are simply the eroded roots of the ancient mountain systems of lunar type which once formed the crater rims.

IN preceding ages, theories of the type advanced in these pages were amenable to verification only by indirect means, at best. However, two current efforts promise to change this situation, although they are being undertaken with other ends as their primary objectives. One of these is the Mohole project, to probe deeper into the earth than man has ever done in the past. The other project is exploration of the moon, in the course of which unmanned vehicles will obtain lunar rock samples.

If drill cores obtained in the Mohole project from below the oceanic sediments show the presence of coesite and shatter cones, this evidence will go far to establish the picture of the genesis of ocean basins drawn here. Further, the opportunity is at hand to observe directly the conclusive evidence for the impact theory of the origin of lunar craters—the meteoritic iron and nickel, the coesite, and the shatter cones. The former presence of lunar life inferred here may not be an abstract question shortly; it can be affirmed conclusively if organic carbon or fossils are found in the dark rocks of the *maria*.

Where Did the Water Come from to Fill the Ocean Basins?

The author of the above article accepts the conventional explanation that geological processes squeezed the chemical constituents of water from the rocks of the earth. But just as Dr. Gilvarry's new hypothesis about the origin of the ocean basins fits the earth's history into the larger affairs of the cosmos, so new knowledge gained from observations taken by artificial satellites of earth has excited new thought about how the ocean basins came to be filled. Dr. C. M. de Turville, of Bristol, England, recently published in the British journal Nature (which, incidentally, was first to print a summary of Dr. Gilvarry's theory) some speculations as to capture of hydrogen nucleii by the earth's magnetic field. These nucleii (protons) come from the atmosphere of the sun, which is now known to envelop the earth. According to Dr. de Turville's calculations, the capture of hydrogen by the earth's magnetic field takes place at the rate of one and a half tons per second. If his theory is right, the hydrogen mixes with oxygen brought from the rocks by ultra-violet light, and thus forms water. Water so formed could explain an old mystery: noctilucent clouds. —J.L.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

JULIUS CAESAR'S ENGLISH LESSON

A New Look at His Invasion Exercises on Britain's Coast

THE dates of Julius Caesar's two expeditions to Britain are given as 55 and 54 B.C. Why, after his first reconnaissance of Britain, did Caesar return in force in the following summer? Britain was at that moment completely off the Roman map. As Dio was later to say, Britain was "out of this world." Caesar's first reconnaissance revealed very little of material or political advantage to suggest that the expedition should be repeated; and he promptly repeated it in the next year with an army of 40,000 troops—an army as large as that with which he had subdued all Gaul. Why did he make the second expedition?

I am sure we may take it as an axiom that in Caesar's time Rome was the be-all and end-all of ambition, that Rome was the great theater for genius and exertion. The remoteness of Britain from the actualities of Rome in Caesar's time provokes me to the paradox that it was because of Britain's remoteness that Caesar perceived an opportunity. Opportunity for what?

What were the actualities in Rome? Caesar's relations with Pompey, the great Pompeius Magnus, were not as yet openly hostile. What were the secret feelings? Pompey had achieved unrivaled glory as a soldier; he had a seasoned army at his command; he was having spectacular success, campaigning in and looting the wealthy East. Pompey was favorite of the Senate, and darling of the populace. The spoils that Pompey was sending back to Rome were so notable that piracy in the Mediterranean became a major business. To put down the piracy Pompey had to pay a good deal of attention to sea warfare.

By contrast with Pompey's achievements, what had Caesar to offer to Romans in Rome? In land warfare he had made the name of Caesar the first and earliest Latin word to enter the Teutonic dialects; he had made Caesar a name of fear and respect wherever he chose, almost anywhere in the inhospitable and unprofitable Northland. Into a wilderness Caesar carried extraordinary and unprecedented displays of Roman power. He commanded his engineers to build the famous bridge across the Rhine; he noted that the feat was accomplished in ten days. He recorded the building of that bridge as a spectacular achievement. What did it mean to Romans in Rome? For what purpose was the bridge built? In the same year in which Caesar built the bridge he made his first expedition to Britain, presumably in ships commandeered from Northmen.

On that first expedition of Caesar's to Britain, in 55 B.C., ships and men were lost by gale damage. Such reconnaissance of the island as was undertaken revealed no wealth. I have to respect such an authority as Cicero, who reported to a friend: "It is now known that there is not a pennyweight of silver in the whole island, and no hope of plunder except in the form of slaves." Yet in the very next summer Caesar made the unprofitable expedition to Britain all over again. Could any move have been less popular with anybody?

If you rearrange the chess play as I am rearranging it, you get a picture of Caesar's second invasion of Britain which I have to admit is unorthodox. I have tried to be explicit about my main axiom: which is, that the chessboard was Rome. The play upon the fringes of the world was as to what sort of power one was going to bring back to the center.

Pompey, famous soldier, was bringing back loot.

Caesar, hitherto famous playboy, was bringing back military proficiency. That, and that alone, was what Caesar could gain in the Northland.

It might be said that by 54 B.C. Caesar's contest with Pompey was not as yet overt. But personal ties had gone. Julia, daughter of Caesar and wife of Pompey, had died. Crassus, who with Caesar and Pompey had formed the Triumvirate, had died. As early as 54 B.C. it may have been clear to Caesar that there was going to be nothing between him and Pompey except a straight fight.

This is a bold assertion to be made two thousand years afterward by a journeyman who has no claim to be a scholar. The orthodox view, is that Caesar was seriously intending to capture Britain but, and because of miscalculations, failed, after two goes, to do it. The orthodox view is that on his second expedition Caesar took so large an army as 40,000 in order to make quick conquest of the island; that he had expectations of wintering in Britain; but that he was prevented from prolonging his successful summer campaign because of uprisings in Gaul. That is, of course, Caesar's own story.

I WONDER about that "mistake" of Caesar's. When Caesar set sail in 54 B.C. for the summer in Britain, did he regard Gaul as pacified? He pretty much says so, but when Caesar sailed for Britain, there was certain to be more fighting in Gaul. There was rebellion on the eve of his departure. Caesar's absence might even invite trouble.

What I see is Caesar going off to Britain for a summer's military exercise, to repair a first failure, to make certain how to embark an army, land it on enemy coast, and return again.

Caesar's second landing on the coast of Kent in 54 I find instructive. Caesar anchored his ships and landed his army. Then he engaged the VII Legion in storming Bigbury Fort above the valley of the Stour. [The historians] Collingwood and Myres say that "While he lay encamped in the Stour valley a gale got up from the east. His ships dragged their anchors, fell foul of one another,

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and were thrown by scores on the beach to be hammered by the full force of the rollers. . . . Forty of his ships were a total loss, and the rest were not to be repaired without much labour. . . . But it was not enough to repair his fleet; he . . . must protect it from like damage in the future. The only way in which he could do this, in the absence of a safe harbour, was by beaching every ship above high-water mark and then entrenching them against enemy attack. This took ten days, which could ill be spared from the short campaigning season. . . . Why should he not have moved them [to the Harbor at Richborough two or three miles away] after the storm instead of spending ten precious days in beaching them?

IF Caesar had really been thinking first and foremost about conquering Britain and wintering on the island, his delay in finding a harbor is not very understandable. But consider the converse. If Caesar was not thinking about a speedy conquest and a long-term occupation of Britain so much as of mastering a technique whereby he might land an army and protect his ship on any flat shore, anywhere in the world, regardless of harbors—then the picture is different. In that case to find a harbor would not be to work out the problem. It would have given him Britain, but not experience which he could apply elsewhere. Why should he want Britain? To be able to establish a safe beachhead independent of harborage, and to know how long it would take—therein lay knowledge.

Interpret the episode either way, Caesar chose to spend those ten days as he did. Throughout that summer of 54 I ponder not only Caesar's words but his actions. Many of the episodes of Caesar's second summer in Britain give an impression of summer maneuvers. . . . In example after example, there is the feeling that a superb professional soldier is giving lessons, scarcely so much to the enemy as to his own men. . . . Caesar's main concern seems to be to wind up the visit, leaving to the Britons memorials of his invincibility, but also creating faith in his invincibility among his own troops. Caesar's second expedition to Britain thus suggests that by making it he had satisfied himself that he had men to count on: that he had an army which, having followed him off the known map of the world, would follow anywhere.

In what direction, for Caesar, was that "anywhere"?

The awkward rebellions in Gaul brought Caesar back from Britain to the continent; it is impressive how those allegedly awkward rebellions kept on providing reasons for Caesar to move southward. The campaigns of 53 and 52, culminating in the defeat of Vercingetorix, involved the terrible fights we read about in boyhood; but always the vivid troubles of pacifying Gaul seem to have nudged Caesar steadily back from the Northland, always back to the border of Italy. By 51 Caesar was at the Alps; by 50 he was on the southern side of the Alps, at Ravenna. Ravenna was within striking distance of Rome.

Labienus, who had served with Caesar throughout all the Gallic campaigns, now chose to leave him. It must have been clear that Caesar was going to force the issue of the Roman Civil Wars. It must have been clear to Labienus that it was no longer possible to go along with Caesar's megalomania. Labienus preferred to join cause with Pompey and the Senate. Caesar, with no fighting force behind him except his single legion must indeed have seemed a madman. As he jumped the brook Rubicon with the phrase, as reported by Suetonius, *Iacta alea est:* the die is cast.

It is true that he had only one legion at hand, but as well as the legion he had a legend. Within two months of the crossing of the Rubicon, Italy was mastered.

This swift success of the adventurer was not to be regarded as fatal to the forces of the Republic. Pompey with several legions had crossed the Adriatic; there he had had forces from the East behind him, and in Spain Pompey could count on his experienced and loyal legions. Between these pincers, in Italy, Caesar was trapped.

What Caesar did was to lash out at Spain, and against all calculations he landed, outmaneuvered and outfought Pompey's legions there. He had conquered Spain by August; in that month returned to Rome and was named dictator; he at once set forth across the Adriatic to have the final round with Pompey. He did not find it easy to get at Pompey. Caesar's attack at Dyrrachium (Durazzo) was repulsed with heavy loss. Caesar's forces were regarded as being in a bad way. Pompey, with reinforcements, confidently forced a decisive battle at Pharsalus. It was the most astonishing of Caesar's victories.

As I have sketched the story, Britain happened to be the most northerly and most distant exercise ground from which Caesar returned, moving steadily southward and more and more imperiously toward the dictatorship of Rome, from which there proved for him, to be no way out.

—FRANK MORLEY,
in "The Great North Road,"
(MacMillan $5).

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

PEANUT PLANNING

YOU SAY that only man can dream. How do you know? Any owner of a dog will tell you that it has dreams of chasing rabbits or some other prey. The dog makes sotto voce barking sounds and its paws move as they do when it runs. I have had people tell me that this business of the dog's dreaming is only my interpretation of sounds and movements. While this is true, it is a rather obvious interpretation, even if not scientifically proved.

You might say that such a dream of a dog springs from its past experiences, but don't all human dreams—I'm talking about sleeping dreams—spring from the past? The psychiatrists think so. But here is the catch—I've seen these "chasing rabbits dreams" indulged in by dogs born and brought up in the city, and so young as to have chased nothing at all, even a city cat. What can a dog do along this line, on a leash?

I know, of course, that you were using the word "dream" in another sense, which you define two sentences later as "the power to imagine tomorrow." Very good definition of that kind of dreaming, but how can you be sure that no living creature, other than man, can do this? Is there any scientific proof that this is so? Has anyone been able to find out what goes on in the mind of a dog or cat or cow or squirrel or bee or dolphin (to mention the most recent center of attention re intellect)? Of course not. What about the squirrels' gathering of nuts for the future, or the bees' gathering of honey? Many animals plan for the future by building dams, getting fat before hibernation, etc., etc., etc. You will say, perhaps, that this is the working of instinct, but you know as well as I that the line between instinct and reason is vague and ill-defined. Perhaps our planning for the future is instinct, too. Certainly, from the past and the stupidities you cite in your article, there is considerable doubt about how much of our planning for the future results from the use of the intellect.

How do we know that animals don't go through the same process? Can we be sure that in the animal world there is no debate, a debate always won by the believers in the status quo? I can picture a bunch of squirrels in Central Park talking the whole thing over. A few radicals are saying, "Look, we don't have to go through all this collecting nonsense any more, for the humans around here will feed us." But the conservatives reply, "What was good enough for grandpa and the founding fathers is good enough for us; we should go on collecting nuts as they did."

MICHAEL MCCLINTOCK.
Washingtonville, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The radicals seem to have become mixed up with the conservatives here. But we suppose that is standard squirrely politics.*

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The United States of Europe

Continued from page 20

there is a babel of jarring voices, among the vanquished the sullen silence of despair. . . . Yet all the while there is a remedy which, if it were generously and spontaneously adopted, would as if by a miracle transform the whole scene. . . . It is to recreate the European family, or as much of it as we can, and provide it with a structure under which it can dwell in peace, in safety, and in freedom. We must build a kind of United States of Europe."

It is being built.

There is an immediate point at which the expanding European Community can play a crucial part in arresting Soviet ambition. Premier Khrushchev's goal is not merely to neutralize Berlin. He has a larger prize in view. His larger and, from the standpoint of the West, his most menacing goal is to neutralize West Germany and gradually to detach all of Germany from its ties to the West and to reduce NATO to impotence

In recent weeks Khrushchev has acquired new maneuverability with which to inveigle the German Federal Republic. He can now put a great temptation before the German people and, therefore, before the Bonn Government. By annexing East Berlin to East Germany and by annexing East Germany to its European satellite empire, the Kremlin has snuffed out all prospect of German unification. It has vanished before the very eyes of the German people, who, though knowing in their hearts it was little more than a dream, can now no longer cherish even the dream.

A divided Germany is a stark reality —as long as the Soviets want to keep it divided.

As long as the Soviets want to keep it divided—that is the key with which Khrushchev will try to unlock West Germany to Soviet influence and ultimately detach it from the West. He can now say to Bonn: "You have misplaced your trust in your Western allies. They cannot give you a united nation. We—and we alone—can give you a united Germany."

There will be a price—a disarmed, neutralized Germany withdrawn from NATO. It is a high price, but it is not safe to assume that a few years hence it will not be a very great temptation.

An economically and politically disunited Western Europe would sorely tempt many Germans to reach for the Soviet bait, with calamitous consequences for the whole Western position.

An economically and politically united Western Europe, as is now coming to fruition, with Britain preparing to give it enhanced strength, balance, and scope, will make Khrushchev's offer a bleak and unattractive thing.

From such an association the Soviet Union would have little chance of drawing the Federal Republic into its orbit. What it could offer would be far less than what West Germany could get from the expanded European Community.

Within such an association Western Germany would have ample latitude for channeling and employing its dynamic energies and skills. With the presence of both Britain and France, the other members would have no reason to fear that Germany would dominate it.

But there is more to be done. The urgent question is: What next?

Surely we in the United States are not going to neglect to do our part in carrying forward the tremendous momentum of the expanding European Community which, through the Marshall Plan and NATO, we have done so much to help bring into being.

The United States is already using the new Atlantic economic organization, the OECD (Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development), in which it is now a member along with Canada and the European nations. This is evidence of our awareness of the interdependence between Europe and North America.

There is no doubt that it is a great step forward that we have begun to cooperate on these matters at the Atlantic level. The need is for the United States to go much further toward the expansion of the European-British Community to an Atlantic Community.

It is time to get ready to take this step. It is to be hoped that President Kennedy will match the decision of the Macmillan Government.

This step is now possible because the creation of a united Europe enables America and Europe to act as partners on an equal footing.

The father of today's united Europe, Jean Monet—the most powerful European ever to hold elective office—put it this way in an interview I had with him in Paris: "Just as the United States in its early days found it necessary to unite, just as Europe is now in the process of uniting, so the West must move toward an Atlantic concert of nations. This is not an end in itself. It is the beginning on the road to the more orderly world we must have to escape destruction. The partnership of Europe and the United States will create a new force for peace."

At its present galvanic stage the European-British Community will be capable of arresting the adverse trend of the Cold War.

An Atlantic Community embracing Europe, the United States, and Canada will be capable of reversing the adverse trend of the Cold War by creating a united and permanent preponderance, a dynamic which would be irresistable to other nations.

"Inspector Kirby of the homicide squad."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 3, 11, 18, 19, 9, 1,5, 13, 20, 16, 2, 12, 17, 15, 4, 7, 10, 14, 8. Column Three: 3, 20, 15, 8, 13, 17, 12, 9, 11, 2, 16, 18, 4, 19, 7, 10, 5, 1, 6, 14.

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Editorial

Continued from page 28

Russian strategy as a feeble ploy and hold fast to our position. Yet we expect that the Russians will be deflected or influenced by strategy that would not move us.

The big need today is not to make credible to the Russians that we are only a feather's touch from nuclear war, but to make credible to the world's peoples that the United States has the wisdom to match its power. Any major war between nuclear nations is also a war against the human race. It is impossible to confine the lethal radiation to the war zones. Since all people are involved, it stands to reason that we need to make credible to them our awareness of their rights and our sense of total responsibility in the pursuit of our vital interests.

WE will never achieve true security in anything we do with or to the Russians. True security cannot be bought or contrived with nuclear power or with threats to use it. True security will be achieved in direct proportion to the reduction and elimination of anarchy in the dealings among nations. A country that commits itself fully to this objective and that pursues it with all the imagination and vigor at its command will be fashioning the only real protection available to it in the modern world. —N.C.

Blackberries

By Jeannette Nichols

WE hunted blackberries
in the ruins of the old
Highland Hotel
salt-seasoned on its bluff
where they lurked fat and black
as bees eyes in the secret deeps
of the rubble. Half the first floor
hung like sprung bridgework, the stairs
tunneling down like a throat
to where the brambles dipped
and boiled live with fruit.
Double-dared we clutched
our bags like empty lungs
inching down to where the chalk-dark
dried our breath and Summer shriveled
thin as the hairs of light
the boards let in;
but climbed back up
with mouths, teeth and tongues
gloriously horrible
and paper-stained bags
sagging with black loot.

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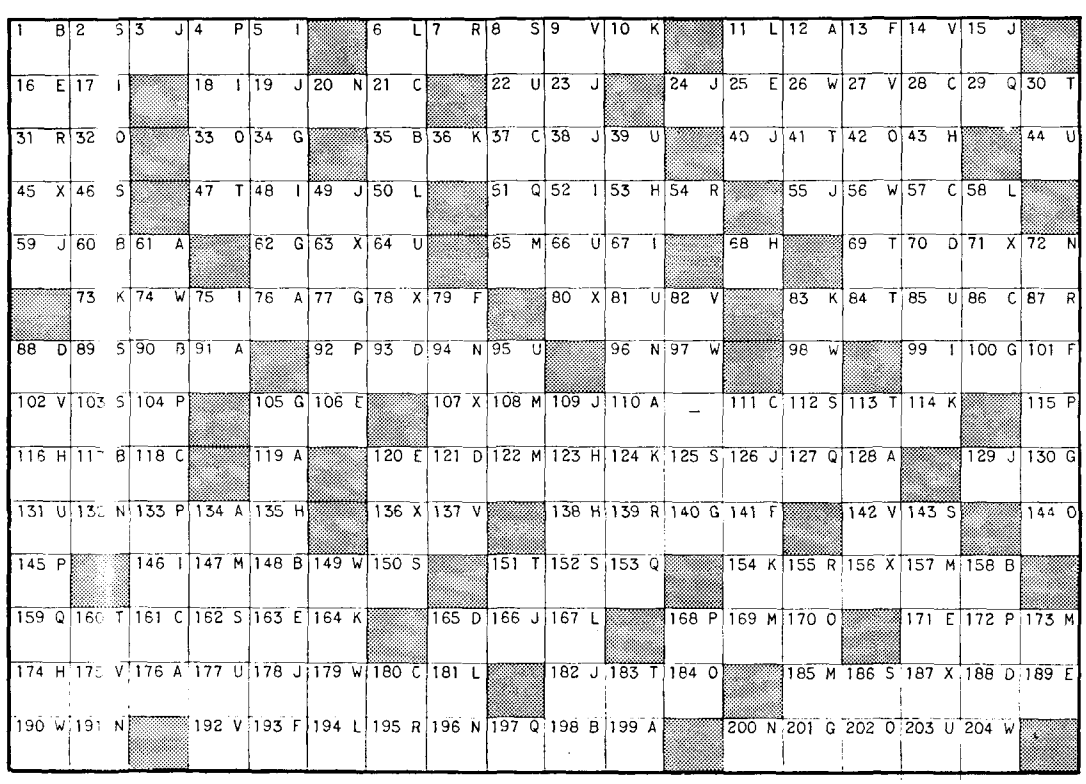
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. British game of chance (3 wds.; Oxfd. Univ. Dict.).	12 91 110 119 128 199 134 76 61 176
B. Operators of certain rotating tools.	158 35 148 60 90 1 198 117
C. Having the form of a sphere (said esp. of nebulous matter imprisoned by gravitation).	21 161 37 180 57 111 28 86 118
D. Following "in", considering that (2 wds.).	188 121 88 70 93 165
E. To make subservient.	163 25 106 189 16 171 120
F. Wrinkles or folds in the mucous membrane of the stomach.	193 13 79 101 141
G. Memento.	62 105 201 140 130 34 77 100
H. U.S. slang for one who spends his money grudgingly or not at all.	43 116 138 123 174 53 68 135
I. Workmanlike, well-made.	48 17 18 75 99 67 52 146 5
J. Time when the bull gets his (4 wds.).	182 15 24 126 23 49 38 109 40 166 55 178 129 19 59 3
K. Specifying an engine whose power shaft rotates in direction opposite to the usual one (comp.).	73 124 83 114 10 154 36 164
L. The young of mammals in very early stages.	50 58 6 167 181 194 11

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. To "do over" furniture.	173 157 65 108 147 169 122 185
N. Abnormal condition of oversize and clumsiness.	20 132 200 94 96 196 191 72
O. Masculine name, generally considered (but erroneously) Mozart's middle name.	33 170 42 32 184 144 202
P. Venus as morning star; Lucifer.	115 104 172 133 145 168 4 92
Q. What properly increases an augend.	127 51 197 153 29 159
R. One of the greatest cities of antiquity, more than 2500 years ago.	54 139 155 7 195 31 87
S. The mechanical rabbit that races around a dog track ahead of the hounds (2 wds.).	46 150 112 162 143 125 2 103 152 8 89 186
T. Jewish marriage broker.	69 47 183 160 151 30 41 84 113
U. Lamb on roast pig would be one such (3 wds.).	81 22 44 85 64 66 131 95 39 203 177
V. Pure, sound, untainted, above the influence of bribes.	142 102 9 137 27 82 175 192 14
W. A smooth-skinned peach, very delicious.	190 74 204 26 98 56 149 97 179
X. Independent taxicab named for a N. Amer. bird (slang).	78 71 156 80 136 45 187 107 63

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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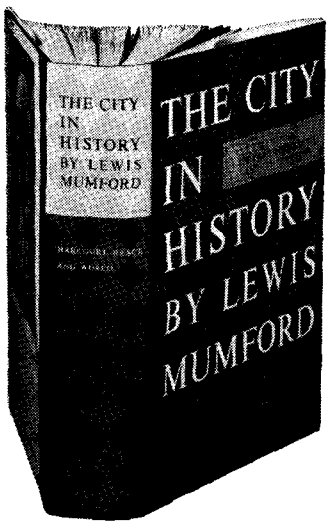

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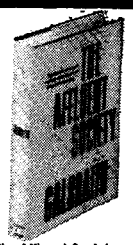

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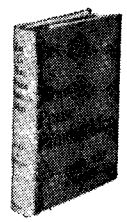

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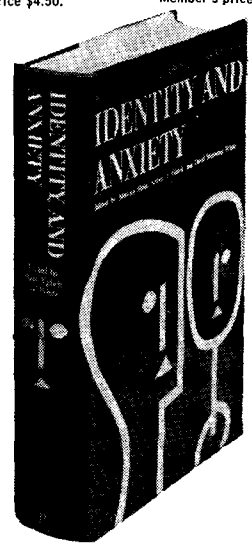

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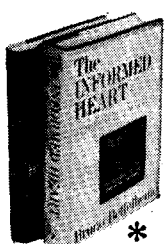

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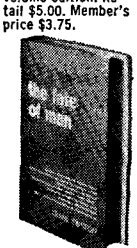

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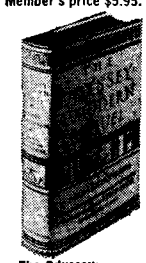

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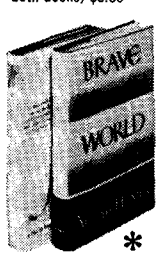

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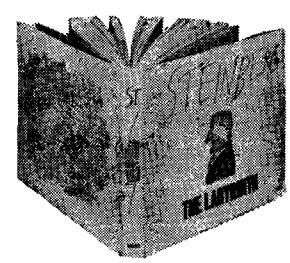

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